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DECLAMATIONS AND DIALOGUES

18 CHOICE PIECES

FOR THE

Sunday School

PHILADELPHIA
JOHN E. POTTER & CO.

THE

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OR,

HOW TO READ AND SPEAK.

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JOHN E. POTTER & CO.,
PUBLISHERS, PHILADELPHIA.

Declamations and Dialogues.

118 CHOICE PIECES

FOR THE

SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

BY

PROF. J. H. GILMORE,

OF THE

UNIVERSITY OF ROCHESTER, N. Y.

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PREFACE.

There may be a question respecting the desirableness of making "declamations and dialogues" a feature in the Sunday School Concert, especially in the case of the very young. There can be no question respecting the necessity of a suitable collection of "declamations and dialogues" for those who accept Sunday School speaking as a foregone conclusion. Such a collection must be:

1. *Religious.* — There are plenty of good secular "Speakers" already. Being religious, it cannot, of course, be very funny.

2.—*Adapted to the comprehension of children.*

3.—*Characterized, throughout, by good taste.*

4.—*Fitted for oral delivery*, not for reading or singing.

The exercises should, moreover, be brief; diversified in matter and manner; and hence adapted to a wide variety of speakers.

Such a collection the publishers have undertaken to furnish, availing themselves (always with explicit recognition of the fact) of the best material already before the public; and securing fresh contributions from thoroughly competent minds and hearts.

The only suggestions which they have to make respecting the use of the book are: LET THE PIECES BE WELL COMMITTED, AND NATURALLY DELIVERED.

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PART I.

Poetical Selections.

Poetical Selections.

THE HOLY CHILD.

By cool Siloam's shady rill
How fair the lily grows!
How sweet the breath, beneath the hill,
Of Sharon's dewy rose!

Lo, such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod;
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God!

O Thou, who giv'st us life and breath,
We seek thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
To keep us still thine own!

HEBER.

"COME UNTO ME."

As children once to Christ were brought,
That he might bless them there,
So now we little children ought
To seek the Lord by prayer.

And as so many years ago
Poor babes his pity drew,
I'm sure he will not let me go
Without a blessing too.

Then while, this favor to implore,
My little hands are spread,
Do thou thy sacred blessing pour,
Dear Jesus, on my head.

HYMNS FOR INFANT MINDS.

SOFTLY, SOFTLY, LITTLE CHILD.

Softly, softly, little child;
Do not wear that angry brow;
Do not speak that naughty word;
Angel steps are near thee now.

Softly, softly, little child;
Drive thy passions far away,
And thy angel visitants
Close will fold their wings and stay.

Softly, softly, little child;
Drop the penitential tear;
Angels catch it ere it falls—
Bear it up to heaven from here.

Softly, softly, little child,
Are the songs of angels blent:
Joyous are the strains above
O'er the child that doth repent.

JULIE LEONARD.

LITTLE SERVANTS.

Oh, what can little hands do
To please the King of heaven?
The little hands some work may try
To help the poor in misery;—
Such grace to mine be given.

Oh, what can little lips do
To please the King of heaven?

The little lips can praise and pray,
And gentle words of kindness say:—
Such grace to mine be given.

Oh, what can little eyes do
To please the King of heaven?
The little eyes can upward look,
Can learn to read God's holy book;—
Such grace to mine be given.

Oh, what can little hearts do
To please the King of heaven?
The hearts, if God his Spirit send,
Can love and trust the children's Friend;—
Such grace to mine be given.

When hearts, eyes, lips and hands unite
To please the King of heaven,
And serve the Saviour with delight,
They are most precious in his sight;—
Such grace to mine be given.

TRACT JOURNAL.

WILLIE AND THE BIRDS.

A little black-eyed boy of five
Thus spake to his mamma:
"Do look at all the pretty birds;

How beautiful they are!
How smooth and glossy are their wings;
How beautiful their hue;
Besides, mamma, I really think
That they are *pious*, too!"

"Why so, my dear?" the mother said,
And scarce suppressed a smile;
The answer showed a thoughtful head,
A heart quite free from guile:
"Because, when each one bows his head,
His tiny bill to wet,
To lift a thankful glance above
He never does forget:
And so, mamma, it seems to me
That very pious they must be."

Dear child, I would a lesson learn
From this sweet thought of thine,
And heavenward, with a glad heart, turn
These earth-bound eyes of mine;
Perfected praise indeed is given,
By babes below, to God in heaven.

ANON.

A CHILD'S PRAYER.

Lord, teach a little child to pray,
And oh! accept my prayer;
Thou canst hear all the words I say,
For thou art everywhere.

A little sparrow cannot fall
Unnoticed, Lord, by thee;
And though I am so young and small,
Thou dost take care of me.

Teach me to do whate'er is right,
And when I sin, forgi
And make it still my chief delight
To serve thee while I live.

ANON.

GOD LOVES ME.

God cares for every little child
That on this great earth liveth;
He gives them homes and food and clothes;
And more than these God giveth;—

He gives them all their loving friends;
He gives each child its mother;
He gives them all the happiness
Of loving one another.

He makes the earth all beautiful;
He gives us eyes to see;
And touch and hearing, taste and smell,
He gives them all to me.

And, better still, he gives his word,
Which tells how God's dear son
Gathered the children in his arms
And loves them — every one.

What can a little child give God?
From his bright heavens above
The great God smiles, and reaches down
To take his children's love.

EDITED.

LOVE TO JESUS.

When Jesus Christ was here below.
And spread his works of love abroad,
If I had lived so long ago,
I think I should have loved the Lord.

Jesus, who was so very kind,
Who came to pardon sinful men,
Who healed the sick, and cured the blind —
O, must I not have loved him then?

But where is Jesus? — is he dead?
O no! he lives in heaven above;
"And blest are they," the Saviour said,
"Who, though they have not seen me, love."

JANE TAYLOR.

OUR SAVIOUR.

Dear Saviour! ever at my side,
How loving must thou be
To leave thy home in Heaven to guard
A little child like me!

Thy beautiful and shining face
I see not, though so near;
The sweetness of thy soft, low voice
I am too deaf to hear.

I cannot feel thee touch my hand
With pressure light and mild,
To check me, as my mother did
When I was but a child.

But I have felt thee in my thoughts,
Fighting with sin for me;
And when my heart loves God, I know
The sweetness is from thee.

And when, dear Saviour, I kneel down
Morning and night to prayer,
Something there is within my heart
Which tells me thou art there.

Yes! when I pray, thou prayest too —
Thy prayer is all for me;
And when I sleep, thou sleepest not,
But watchest patiently.

F. W. Faber.

GOD OUR FATHER.

We are not orphans on the earth,
Though friends and parents die;
One Parent never bows to death, —
One Friend is ever nigh.

Even he who lit the stars of old,
And filled the ocean broad,
Whose works and ways are manifold, —
Our father is our God.

There comes no change upon his years,
No failure to his hand;
His love will lighten all our cares,
His law our steps command.

May Christ who for our sakes the gloom
Of death's dark valley trod,
Bring us all safe at last to him, —
Our Father and our God!

SUNDAY-SCHOOL HYMNS.

THE LITTLE ANGEL.

Right into our house one day,
A dear little angel came;
I ran to him, and said softly,
"Little angel, what is your name?"

He said not a word in answer,
But smiled a beautiful smile,
Then I said: "May I go home with you?
Shall you go in a little while?"

But mamma said: "Dear little angel,
Don't leave us! O, always stay!
We will all of us love you dearly!
Sweet angel! O, don't go away!"

So he stayed, and he stayed, and we loved him,
As we could not have loved another;
Do you want to know what his name is?
His name is — *my little brother!*

MELODIES FOR CHILDHOOD.

BABY TEACHINGS.

Our little baby speaks not,
Save with her pleading eyes;
Her fingers' earnest claspings,
Her eager, plaintive cries.

Yet many a holy lesson
Our baby teaches me;
How dear the little teacher!
How sweet her lessons be!

She tells me what is prayer:
Not words, or sounding speech;
But just the spirit wrestling
As best its wants may teach.

She tells me not to slacken
Nor cease my earnest cry,
Until the needful blessing
Be granted from on high.

She tells me how confiding
A child-like soul may rest,
Trusting the sleepless watchings
Of Him who loves us best.

These, and many other lessons
Our baby teaches me;
How dear the little teacher!
How sweet her lessons be!

ANON.

IS IT YOU?

There is a child, — a boy or girl, —
I'm sorry it is true, —
Who doesn't mind when spoken to:
Is it? — it isn't you!
O no, it can't be you!

I know a child, — a boy or girl, —
I'm loth to say I do, —
Who struck a little playmate child:
Was it? — it wasn't you!
I hope that wasn't you!

I know a child, — a boy or girl, —
I hope that such are few, —
Who told a lie ; yes, told a lie !
Was it ? — it wasn't you !
It cannot be 'twas you !

There is a boy — I know a boy, —
I cannot love him though, —
Who robs the little birdies' nests ;
Is it ? it can't be you !
That bad boy can't be you !

A girl there is, — a girl I know, —
And I could love her too,
But that she is so proud and vain ;
Is it ? — it can't be you !
That surely isn't you !

MRS. GOODWIN.

THE ROBIN-REDBREASTS.

Two robin-redbreasts built their nests
Within a hollow tree ;
The hen sat quietly at home,
The cock sang merrily ;
And all the little young ones said :
" Wee, wee, wee, wee, wee, wee."

One day (the sun was warm and bright,
And shining in the sky)
Cock-robin said: "My little dears,
'Tis time you learned to fly;"
And all the little young ones said,
"I'll try, I'll try, I'll try."

I know a child, — and who she is
I'll tell you by and by, —
When mamma says "Do this," or "that,"
She says: "What for?" and "Why?"
She'd be a better child by far
If she would say: "I'll try."

AUNT EFFIE'S RHYMES.

GOOD MORNING.

"O, I am so happy!" a little girl said,
As she sprang, like a lark, from her low trundle-bed;
"'Tis morning, bright morning: good morning, papa.
O give me one kiss for good morning, mamma:
Only just look at my pretty canary,
Chirping his sweet good morning to Mary.

The sun is peeping straight into my eyes, —
Good morning to you, Mister Sun, for you rise
Early to wake up my birdie and me,
And make us as happy as happy can be."

"Happy you may be, my dear little girl;"
And the mother stroked softly each clustering curl:
"Happy you can be; but think of the One
Who wakened, this morning, both you and the sun."
The little girl turned her bright eyes with a nod:
"Mamma, may I say 'Good morning' to God?"
"Yes, little darling one, surely you may;
Kneel, as you kneel every morning to pray."
Mary knelt solemnly down, with her eyes
Looking up earnestly into the skies;

And two little hands that were folded together,
Softly she laid on the lap of her mother:
"Good morning, dear Father in heaven," she said;
"I thank Thee for watching my snug little bed;
For taking good care of me all the dark night,
And waking me up with the beautiful light.
O keep me from naughtiness all the long day,

Dear Saviour, who taught little children to pray!"

An angel looked down in the sunshine and smiled,
But she saw not the angel, — that beautiful child.

ANON.

LITTLE MAY'S NEW-YEAR WISH.

Ere the tripping feet of dawn
Chased the night and led the morn,
Little May, in haste to rise,
Opened wide her laughing eyes.

Brushing, with a gentle grace,
Tangled curls from off her face,
Noiselessly, she found her way
Where her mother, sleeping, lay.

"Happy New Year, mother dear!"
Breathed she in the loved one's ear;
"Happy New Year, pa, for you!
Little baby brother, too!"

Quickly then her eyes of blue,
Very, very thoughtful grew;
Then she drew close to the bed,
And, in softest accents, said:
"Mother, will not Jesus listen,
If I send one up to heaven?"

When the mother gave assent,
On the carpet low she bent,
And exclaimed, with joy absorbed,
"Wish you Happy New Year, Lord!"

Then she said, with beaming brow,
"I'll be good the whole year now;
That I know's the only way
To make Him happy every day."

Little children, wouldn't you
Like to make Him happy too?
Then you must, like little May,
Be good children *every day*.

ANON.

THE WORLD.

Great, wide, beautiful, wonderful world.
With the wonderful water round you curled,
And the wonderful grass upon your breast —
Great world, you are beautifully drest.

The wonderful air is over me,
And the wonderful wind is shaking the tree;
It walks on the water and whirls the mills.
And talks to itself on the tops of the hills.

You friendly Earth, how far do you go
With the wheat-fields that nod, and the rivers
that flow,
With cities and gardens, and cliffs and isles,
And people upon you for thousands of miles?

Ah, you are so great, and I am so small,
I tremble to think of you, world, at all;
And yet, when I said my prayers to-day,
A whisper inside me seemed to say,
"You are more than the earth, though you
are such a dot;
You can love and think, and the world can-
not."

LILLIPUT LECTURES.

LITTLE THINGS.

Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean
And the solid land.

And the little moments,
  Humble though they be,
Make the mighty ages
  Of eternity.

So our little errors
  Lead the soul away
From the paths of virtue
  Oft in sin to stray.

Little deeds of kindness,
  Little words of love,
Make our earth an Eden,
  Like the heaven above.

ANON.

DEEDS OF KINDNESS.

Suppose the little cowslip
  Should hang its little cup,
And say, "I'm such a tiny flower,
  I'd better not grow up."
How many a weary traveller
  Would miss its fragrant smell!
How many a little child would grieve
  To lose it from the dell!

Suppose the glistening dew-drops
Upon the grass should say,
"What can a little dew-drop do?
I'd better roll away."
The blade on which it rested,
Before the day was done,
Without a drop to moisten it
Would wither in the sun.

Suppose the little breezes,
Upon a summer's day,
Should think themselves too small to cool
The traveller on his way;
Who would not miss the smallest
And softest ones that blow,
And think they made a great mistake
If they were talking so?

How many deeds of kindness
A little child may do,
Although it has so little strength,
And little wisdom too!
It needs a loving spirit,
Much more than strength, to prove,
How many things a child may do
For others by its love.

SONGS FOR CHILDREN.

LITTLE THINGS.

It was such a little thing,
One slight twist of crimson string,
  But 'twas stealing, all the same;
And the child who took it knew
That she told what was not true.
  Just to screen herself from blame.
First a theft and then a lie,
Both recorded up on high.

It was but one little word,
Softly spoken, scarcely heard,
  Uttered by a single breath;
But it dared to take in vain
God's most high and holy name,
  So provoking wrath and death.
Soon, the lips, once fresh and fair,
Opened but to curse and swear.

It was but one little blow
Passion's sudden overflow,
  Scarcely heeded in its fall;
But, once loosed, the fiery soul
Would no longer brook control;
  Laws it spurned —defied them all
Till the hands love clasped in vain,
Wore the murderer's crimson stain.

Ah! it is the foxes small,
Slyly climbing o'er the wall,
That destroy the tender vines;
And it is the spark of fire,
Brightening, spreading, curling higher
That across the forests shines.
Just so, step by step, does sin,
If unchecked, a triumph win.

ANON.

THE BEST THAT I CAN.

"I cannot do much," said a little star,
"To make the dark world bright!
My silvery beams cannot struggle far
Through the folding gloom of night.
But I'm only a part of God's great plan,
And I'll cheerfully do the best I can."

"What is the use," said a fleecy cloud,
"Of these few drops that I hold?
They will hardly bend the lily proud,
Though caught in her cup of gold;
Yet I am a part of God's great plan,
So my treasure I'll give as well as I can."

A child went merrily forth to play;
But a thought, like a silver thread,
Kept winding in and out all day
Through the happy, golden head:
Mother said, "Darling, do all you can,
For you are a part of God's great plan."

She knew no more than the glancing star,
Nor the cloud with its chalice full,
How, why and for what all strange things were —
She was only a child at school!
But she thought, "It is part of God's great plan
That even I should do all I can."

She helped a younger child along
When the road was rough to the feet,
And she sung from her heart a little song
That we all thought passing sweet:
And her father, a weary, toil-worn man,
Said, "I will do likewise, the best that I can."

Our best? Ah, children! the best of us
Must hide our faces away,
When the Lord of the vineyard comes to look
At our task at the close of the day;

But for strength from above, ('tis the Master's plan,)
We'll pray, and we'll do the best we can.

ANON.

WHAT THE SPARROW CHIRPS.

I am only a little sparrow,
A bird of low degree;
My life is of little value,
But the dear Lord cares for me.

He gave me a coat of feathers,
It is very plain, I know,
With never a speck of crimson,
For it was not made for show.

But it keeps me warm in Winter,
And it shields me from the rain;
Were it bordered with gold or purple,
Perhaps it would make me vain.

And now that the Spring-time cometh,
I will build me a little nest,
With many a chirp of pleasure,
In the spot I like the best.

I have no barn or storehouse,
I neither sow nor reap:
God gives me a sparrow's portion,
But never a seed to keep.

If my meal is sometimes scanty,
Close picking makes it sweet;
I have always enough to feed me,
And "life is more than meat."

I know there are many sparrows;
All over the world we are found.
But our heavenly Father knoweth
When one of us falls to the ground.

Though small, we are never forgotten;
Though weak, we are never afraid;
For we know that the dear Lord keepeth
The life of the creatures he made.

I fly through the thickest forest,
I light on many a spray:
I have no chart nor compass,
But I never lose my way.

And I fold my wings at twilight,
Wherever I happen to be;
For the Father is always watching,
And harm will not come to me.

I am only a little sparrow,
A bird of low degree;
But I know the Father loves me,
Have you less faith than me?

THE CHILD'S PAPER.

MR. NOBODY.

I know a funny little man,
As quiet as a mouse,
Who does the mischief that is done
In everybody's house.
There's no one ever sees his face,
And yet we all agree,
That every plate we break was cracked
By Mr. Nobody.

'Tis he who always tears our books, —
Who leaves the door ajar;
He pulls the buttons from our shirts,
And scatters pins afar.
That squeaking door will always squeak,
For, prithee, don't you see,
We leave the oiling to be done
By Mr. Nobody?

He puts damp wood upon the fire,
That kettles cannot boil;
His are the feet that bring in mud,
And all the carpets soil.
The papers always are mislaid;
Who had them last, but he?
There's no one tosses them about
But Mr. Nobody.

The finger marks upon the doors
By none of us are made;
We never leave the blinds unclosed,
To let the curtains fade.
The ink we never spill; the boots
That lying round you see,
Are not our boots! They all belong
To Mr. Nobody!

RIVERSIDE MAGAZINE.

SUPPOSE!

Suppose, my little lady,
Your doll should break her head;
Could you make it whole by crying
Till your eyes and nose are red?

And wouldn't it be pleasanter
To treat it as a joke,
And say you're glad " 'twas Dolly's,
And not your head that broke ! "

Suppose you're dressed for walking,
And the rain comes pouring down,
Will it clear off any sooner
Because you scold and frown ?
And wouldn't it be nicer
For you to smile than pout,
And so make sunshine in the house,
When there is none without ?

Suppose your task, my little man,
Is very hard to get ;
Will it make it any easier
For you to sit and fret ?
And wouldn't it be pleasanter
Than waiting like a dunce,
To go to work in earnest,
And learn the thing at once ?

Suppose that some boys have a horse,
And some a coach and pair ;
Will it tire you less while walking,
To say " it isn't fair ? "
And wouldn't it be nobler
To keep your temper sweet,

And in your heart be thankful
You can walk upon your feet?

And suppose the world don't please you,
Nor the way some people do, —
Do you think the whole creation
Will be altered just for you?
And isn't it, my boy or girl,
The wisest, bravest plan,
Whatever comes, or doesn't come,
To do the best you can?

PHŒBE CAREY.

IF I WERE A SUNBEAM.

If I were a sunbeam,
I know what I'd do:
I would seek white lilies
Rainy woodlands through;
I'd steal in among them;
Softest light I'd shed,
Until every lily
Raised its drooping head.

If I were a sunbeam,
I know where I'd go —

Into lowliest hovels,
Dark with want and woe:
Till sad hearts looked upward,
I would shine and shine!
Then they'd think of heaven,
Their sweet home and mine.

Art thou not a sunbeam,
Child, whose life is glad
With an inner radiance
Sunshine never had?
O, as God hath blessed thee,
Scatter rays divine!
For there is no sunbeam
But must die or shine.

LUCY LARCOM.

MORNING SONG.

With the dawn awaking,
Lord, I sing thy praise;
Guide me to thee, making
Me to know thy ways.

All thy precepts keeping
Whole and undefiled,
Waking, Lord, or sleeping,
Let me be thy child.

GERMAN SONGS.

SUNDOWN.

Now the sun is setting:
See the western sky;
How those rays of glory
Flush the clouds on high!

Tree and grass and flower
Love the crimson light.
Sun, thy smile sheds gladness;
Now, good-night, good-night!

Birds and lambs and children
Soon will go to sleep;
Father, dear, in heaven,
Bless us all, and keep!

ANON.

EVENING HYMN.

Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me;
Bless thy little lamb to-night.
Through the darkness be thou near me,
Watch my sleep till morning light.

All this day thy hand has led me,
And I thank thee for thy care;
Thou hast clothed me, warmed, and fed me;
Listen to my evening prayer.

Let my sins be all forgiven,
Bless the friends I love so well;
Take me, when I die, to heaven,
Happy there with thee to dwell.

M. L. DUNCAN.

GOOD NIGHT.

The sun is hidden from our sight,
The birds are sleeping sound;
'Tis time to say to all, "Good night!"
And give a kiss all round.

Good night! ye merry, merry birds,
Sleep well till morning light;
Perhaps if you could sing in words,
You would have said, "Good night!"

To all my pretty flowers, good night!
You blossom while I sleep;
And all the stars, that shine so bright,
With you their watches keep.

The moon is lighting up the skies,
The stars are sparkling there;
'Tis time to shut our weary eyes,
And say our evening prayer.

MRS. FOLLEN.

LITTLE WILLIE AND THE APPLE.

Little Willie stood under an apple tree old,
The fruit was all shining with crimson and gold,
Hanging temptingly low — how he longed for a bite,
Though he knew if he took one it wouldn't be right.

Said he, "I don't see why my father should say,
'Don't touch the old apple tree, Willie, to-day;'
I shouldn't have thought, now they're hanging so low,
When I asked for just one, he would answer me, 'No.'

"He would never find out if I took but just one,
And they do look so good, shining out in the sun.
There are hundreds and hundreds, and he wouldn't miss
So paltry a little red apple as this."

He stretched forth his hand, but a low mournful strain

Came wandering dreamily over his brain;
In his bosom a beautiful harp had long laid,
Which the angel of conscience quite frequently played:--

And he sang, "Little Willie, beware, O beware!
Your father is gone, but your Maker is there;
How sad you would feel, if you heard the Lord say,
'This dear little boy stole an apple to-day.'"

Then Willie turned round, and, as still as a mouse,
Crept slowly and carefully into the house.
In his own little chamber he knelt down to pray
That the Lord would forgive him, and please not to say,
"Little Willie almost stole an apple to-day."

HEAVENLY TIDINGS.

THE CHILD'S PRAYER.

The curtains drawn across the light
Made darkness in the room,
And in our watching eyes and hearts
Fear wrought an answering gloom.

Grief-wrung, we heard from lips we loved
The moanings of distress,
And vainly strove to stifle pain
With helpless tenderness.

We scarcely marked the three-years boy
Who stood beside the bed,
From whose wet cheeks and quivering lips
The frightened dimples fled.

Till, all at once, with eager hope,
A thrill in every word,
Our darling cried, "I guess I'll speak
About it to the Lord!"

He sank upon his bended knee,
And clasped his hands in prayer,
While, like a glory, from his brow
Streamed back his golden hair.

"O Lord!" he said, "dear Grandma's sick;
We don't know what to do!
If I could only make her well,
I'm sure I would. Won't you?"

He rose; o'er all his childish face
A subtle radiance shone,
As one who on the mount of faith
Had talked with God alone.

We gazed each in the other's eyes,
  We almost held our breath
Before the fearless confidence
  That shamed our tardy faith.

But, when our yearning glances sought
  The sufferer's face again,
A look of growing ease and rest
  Replaced the lines of pain.

Quick as his trusting prayer to raise,
  Its answer to discern,
The child climbed up to reach her lips,
  Which kissed him in return.

"Grandma" — the ringing accents struck
  A new, triumphant chord —
"I *knew* you would be better soon,
  Because I asked the Lord!"

MARY A. P. HUMPHREY.

MAYN'T I BE A BOY?"

"Mayn't I be a boy?" said our Mary,
  The tears in her great eyes blue;
"I'm only a wee little lassie —
  There's nothing a woman can do.

"'Tis so; I heard Cousin John say so —
He's home from a great college, too —
He said so just now in the parlor;
'There's nothing a *woman* can do.'"

"My wee little lassie, my darling,"
Said I, putting back her soft hair,
"I want you, my dear little maiden,
To smooth away all mother's care.

"Who is it, when pa comes home weary,
That runs for his slippers and gown?
What eyes does he watch for at morning,
Looking out from their lashes of brown?

"And can you do nothing, my darling,
What was it that pa said last night?
'My own little sunbeam is coming,
I know, for the room is so bright.'

"And there is a secret, my Mary —
Perhaps you will learn it some day —
The hand that is willing and loving
Will do the most work on the way.

"And the work that is sweetest and dearest —
The work that so many ne'er do —
The great work of making folks happy
Can be done by a lassie like you."

CONGREGATIONALIST.

GIVE.

See the rivers flowing
  Downward to the sea,
Pouring all their treasures
  Bountiful and free!
Yet, to help their giving,
  Hidden springs arise;
Or, if need be, showers
  Feed them from the skies.

Watch the princely flowers
  Their rich fragrance spread;
Load the air with perfumes
  From their beauty shed;
Yet their lavish spending
  Leaves them not in dearth,
With fresh life replenished
  By their mother earth.

Give thy heart's best treasures;
  From fair Nature learn;
Give thy love, and ask not,
  Wait not, a return.
And the more thou spendest
  From thy little store,
With a double bounty
  God will give thee more.

ADELAIDE A. PROCTOR.

BUTTERCUPS AND DAISIES.

Buttercups and Daisies,
  Oh! the pretty flowers!
Coming ere the spring-time,
  To tell of sunny hours.
While the trees are leafless,
  While the fields are bare,
Buttercups and Daisies
  Spring up everywhere.

Little hardy flowers,
  Like to children poor,
Playing in their sturdy health,
  By their mother's door;
Purple with the north wind,
  Yet alert and bold,
Fearing not, and caring not,
  Though they be a-cold.

What to them is weather?
  What are stormy showers?
Buttercups and Daisies,
  Are these human flowers!
He who gave them hardship,
  And a life of care,
Gave them likewise hardy strength,
  And patient hearts to bear!

Welcome, yellow Buttercups!
Welcome, Daisies white!
Ye are in my spirit
Visioned, a delight!
Coming ere the spring-time
Of sunny hours to tell,
Speaking to our hearts of Him
Who doeth all things well.

ANON.

THE BOOK OF NATURE.

There is a book, who runs may read,
Which heavenly truth imparts,
And all the lore its scholars need,
Pure eyes and Christian hearts.

The works of God above, below,
Within us, and around,
Are pages in that book to show
How God himself is found.

The glorious sky, embracing all,
Is like the Maker's love,
Wherewith encompassed, great and small
In peace and order move.

The dew of heaven is like His grace,
It steals in silence down;
But where it lights, the favored place,
By richest fruits is known.

Thou, who hast given me eyes to see
And love this sight so fair,
Give me a heart to find out Thee,
And read Thee everywhere.

KEBLE.

FLOWERS.

God might have made the earth bring forth
Enough for great and small,
The oak-tree, and the cedar-tree,
Without a flower at all.

He might have made enough, enough
For every want of ours,
For luxury, medicine, and toil,
And yet have made no flowers.

The clouds might give abundant rain,
The nightly dews might fall,
And the herb that keepeth life in man,
Might yet have drunk them all.

Then wherefore, wherefore were they made,
And dyed with rainbow light,
All fashioned with supremest grace,
Upspringing day and night?

Springing in valleys green and low,
And on the mountains high;
And in the silent wilderness,
Where no one passes by?

Our outward life requires them not,
Then wherefore had they birth?
To minister delight to man:
To beautify the earth;

To comfort man, — to whisper hope
Whene'er his faith is dim;
For He who careth for the flowers,
Will much more care for him!

MARY HOWITT.

THE WORSHIP OF NATURE.

The Ocean looketh up to Heaven,
As 't were a living thing,
The homage of its waves is given
In ceaseless worshipping.

They kneel upon the sloping sand,
As bends the human knee,
A beautiful and tireless band,
The Priesthood of the Sea!

They pour the glittering treasures out,
Which in the deep have birth,
And chant their awful hymns about
The watching hills of earth.

The green earth sends its incense up
From every mountain shrine,
From every flower and dewy cup
That greeteth the sunshine.

The mists are lifted from the rills
Like the white wing of prayer,
They lean above the ancient hills
As doing homage there.

The forest tops are lowly cast
O'er breezy hill and glen,
As if a prayerful spirit pass'd
On Nature as on men.

The clouds weep o'er the fallen world
E'en as repentant love;
Ere to the blessed breeze unfurl'd
They fade in light above.

The sky is as a temple's arch,
The blue and wavy air
Is glorious with the spirit-march
Of messengers of prayer.

The gentle moon — the kindling sun —
The many stars are given,
As shrines to burn earth's incense on —
The altar fires of Heaven!

WHITTIER.

THE LITTLE CHILD AND THE ROBINS.

To an elm-tree close by our window
Two dear little robins have come,
And up in its shady, green branches
Have made them a beautiful home.

The green leaves, soft waving above them,
Are the roof that o'ershadows their nest,
And the wind, whispering gently around them,
Is the music that lulls them to rest.

When the sun comes up from the shadows,
To tell that a new day is born,
They wake up, these two little robins,
And hail the bright light with a song.

And soon their sweet carols of gladness
Awaken me out of my dreams,
And I find that the glorious sunshine
Is flooding the room with its beams.

And I offer my prayer of thanksgiving
To the great God who dwells up on high,
Who takes care of the birds and the children,
That not one forgotten may die.

And every night, before sleeping,
When the light no longer I see,
I pray to my Father in heaven,
To take care of the birdies and me.

And I know, if I'm good and obey him,
I'll be happy all my life long,
Till at length in His beautiful heaven,
I shall praise him forever in song.

S. S. SPEAKER.

THE CAPTAIN'S DAUGHTER.

We were crowded in the cabin;
Not a soul would dare to sleep:
It was midnight on the waters,
And a storm was on the deep.

'Tis a fearful thing in winter
To be shattered by the blast,
And to hear the rattling trumpet
Thunder, "Cut away the mast!"

So we shuddered there in silence;
For the stoutest held his breath,
While the hungry sea was roaring
And the breakers talked of death.

As thus we sat in darkness,
Each one busy with his prayers,
"We are lost!" the captain shouted,
As he staggered down the stairs.

But his little daughter whispered,
As she took his icy hand,
"Isn't God upon the water,
Just the same as on the land?"

Then he kissed the little maiden,
And he spoke in better cheer;
And we anchored safe in harbor
When the morn was shining clear!

JAMES T. FIELDS.

MEASURING THE BABY.

We measured the riotous baby
  Against the cottage wall —
A lily grew at the threshold,
  And the boy was just as tall.
A royal tiger lily,
  With spots of purple and gold,
And a heart like a jewelled chalice,
  The fragrant dew to hold.

Without, the bluebirds whistled
  High up in the old roof trees,
And to and fro at the window
  The red rose rocked her bees;
And the wee pink fists of the baby
  Were never a moment still!
Snatching at shine and shadow
  That danced on the lattice-sill.

His eyes were wide as blue-bells —
  His mouth like a flower unblown —
Two bare little feet, like funny white mice,
  Peeped out from his snowy gown;
And we thought, with a thrill of rapture
  That yet had a touch of pain,
When June rolls around with her roses,
  We'll measure the boy again.

Ah me! In a darkened chamber,
With the sunshine shut away,
Through tears that fell like a bitter rain,
We measured the boy to-day;
And the little bare feet that were dimpled
And sweet as a bubbling rose,
Lay side by side together,
In the hush of a long repose!

Up from the dainty pillow,
White as the risen dawn,
The fair little face lay smiling,
With the light of heaven thereon —
And the dear little hands, like rose-leaves
Dropped from a rose, lay still,
Never to snatch at the sunshine
That crept to the shrouded sill!

We measured the sleeping baby
With ribbons as white as snow,
For the shining rosewood casket
That waited him below;
And out of the darkened chamber
We went with a childish moan —
To the height of the sinless angels
Our little one had grown!

HEARTH AND HOME.

THE APPLE-TREE.

Old John had an apple-tree, healthy and green,
Which bore the best Baldwins that ever were seen,
So juicy, and mellow, and red;
And when they were ripe, as old Johnny was poor,
He sold them to children that passed by his door
To buy him a morsel of bread.

Little Dick, his next neighbor, one often might see,
With longing eye viewing this nice apple-tree,
And wishing an apple would fall;
One day, as he stood in the heat of the sun,
He began thinking whether he might not take one,
And then he looked over the wall.

And as he again cast his eye on the tree,
He said to himself, "O, how nice they would be,
So cool and refreshing to-day!
The tree is so full, and I'd only take one,
And old John won't see, for he is not at home,
And nobody is in the way."

But stop, little boy, take your hand from the bough,
Remember, though old John can't see you just now,
And no one to chide you is nigh,
There is ONE, who by night, just as well as by day,
Can see all you do, and can hear all you say,
From his glorious throne in the sky.

O then, little boy, come away from the tree,
Content, hot or weary, or thirsty to be,
Or anything, rather than steal!
For the great God, who even through darkness can look,
Writes down every crime we commit, in his book,
However we think to conceal.

JANE TAYLOR.

MABEL'S WONDER.

"There must be flowers in heaven,"
Little Mabel, wondering, cried,
As she gazed through the frosty window,
"Ah, yes, ah, yes," I replied.

"And every single blossom
Is white as white can be!"
"Perhaps," I carelessly answered;
"When we get there, we shall see."

"And, oh! they have ever so many,
Why, every tree must be full."
"Of course, — spring lasts forever
In heaven," I answered, so dull.

"Do the angels get tired of flowers?'
Asked she, with a gentle sigh;
"For see, oh, see, they are throwing
Whole handfuls down from the sky."

I sprang to the frosted window
To see what the child could mean.
The ground was covered with snowflakes,
And the air was full between.

I kissed my innocent darling,
And speedily set her right,
While I prayed that her heart might ever
Be pure as the snow and as bright.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL SPEAKER.

THE BIRDS.

HUMMING-BIRD.

I wish I were a humming-bird,
A tiny little thing,
With feathers light and airy,
And a brilliant rainbow wing;
Fleet as a sound, I'd fly, I'd fly,
Away from fear and harm,
Over the flowers and through the air,
Inhaling heavenly balm.

LARK.

I'd rather be a lark to rise,
When the sleep of night is done;
And higher, higher through the skies
Soar to the morning sun;
And clearer, sweeter, as I rise,
With rapture I would sing,
While diadems from heaven's own light
Would sparkle on my wings.

NIGHTINGALE.

I'd like to be a nightingale;
She sings the sweetest song;
The daylight gone, her voice is heard
In tune the whole night long.

The stars look down from heaven's dome,
The pale moon rolls along;
And maybe angels live up there,
And listen to her song.

EAGLE.

Of all the birds that sing so sweet,
Or roam the air so free,
With pinions firm, and proud, and strong,
The eagle I would be;
On some high mount whose rugged peaks
Beyond the clouds do rest,
There, in the blaze of day, I'd find
My shelter and my rest.

DOVE.

The humming-bird's a pretty thing,
The lark flies very high,
The eagle's very proud and strong,
The nightingale sings lullaby;
But, as I want a nature
That every one can love,
And would be gentle, mild, and sweet,
I think I'll be a dove.

CHICKADEE.

I'll tell you what I want to be, —
A little. merry chickadee;

In the storm and in the snow,
When the cold winds fiercely blow,
Not to mind the wintry blast,
Nor how long the storm may last,
Active, merry, blithe, and free,
This's the bird I'd like to be.

RESPONSE.

I do not want to be a bird,
And really had not you
Much rather be like all the birds,
And yet be children too?
The humming-bird, from bloom to bloom
Inhales the heavenly balm;
So we from all may gather good,
And still reject the harm.
And, like the lark, our minds arise,
By inspirations given,
To bathe our souls, as she her wings,
In the pure light of heaven.
The nightingale sings all the night,
In sweet, harmonious lays;
So, in the night of sorrow, we
Should sing our Maker's praise.
The eagle, firm, and proud, and strong,
On his own strength relying,
Soars through the storm, the lightning's glare
And thunders bold defying,

Till far above the clouds and storm,
High on some mountain crest,
He finds the sun's clear light at last,
And there he goes to rest.
Be ours a spirit firm and true,
Bold in the cause of right,
Ever steadily onward moving,
And upward to the light;
But still as gentle as the dove,
As loving and as true;
Every word and act be kindness,
All life's journey through;
Always thankful, happy, free;
Though life's tempests fiercely blow;
Cheerful as a chickadee
Flying through the wintry snow.

MYRA A. SHATTUCK.

MAGGIE READING HER TESTAMENT.

Mamma, when our Lord was a dear little child,
Do you think he was loved as you love me?
Do you think he played, and prattled, and smiled,
And loved to climb on his mother's knee?

Did she clasp him close, and hold him long,
And call him her own, her heavenly boy,
And, softly humming, sing over the song
That the angels sang on that night of joy?

Did he say his prayers when he went to sleep,
Asking God's care for friends who are dear?
Did he ever grieve? did he ever weep?
Did he ever wish? did he ever fear?

Was he always thinking, I wonder, of God?
Was he always praying and never gay?
Was he always reading the Holy Word?
Was he not ready sometimes to play?

His playmates, too, I wonder about, —
What were their games when all together?
I cannot think he would run and shout
As other boys do in the pleasant weather!

Who taught him, I wonder, his letters to know, —
Those letters that look so strange and hard;
I wonder if he to school did go,
And how early he learned to read the word.

Did he understand what the prophets meant?
Did he always feel sure that he was the Lord?

Did he always know that he had been sent
To open the straight and narrow road?

He had brothers and sisters, the Bible says,—
James, and Joses, and Simon, and Jude:
I suppose when they quarrelled, one look of his
Would make them feel sorry and try to be good.

How did he look? I sometimes say;
And would he have spoken had I been there?
Spoken, and not have sent me away?
Of his notice allowed me a little share?

At night, I suppose, when all were asleep,
The angels came and talked with him long;
Bade him his faith and his courage keep;
Sang him to sleep with a heavenly song.

"Woman," he said — and that seems so hard!
"Mother" no more after Cana's wine;
Did he want her to know him henceforth as the Lord?
To forget her son in the Christ divine?

He lived at Nazareth on the hill;
Do you think he gazed at the sunset glow,
And sighed at the glory so bright and still,
And the toil in the carpenter's shop below?

Thirty long years he waited apart;
Thirty to wait for three to teach!
All of that time was he searching his heart
So long getting ready to heal and to preach?

I shall sometime know; for now above,
Where the golden gates in splendor shine,
The Lord of light and the Lord of love,
He sits in a glory all divine.

All divine, and with nought of earth
Save the human form which he took away;
Yet I'm sure he remembers his lowly birth,
And I know that he hears when children pray.

And when to his heavenly home I go,
And am face to face with the angels mild,
I will ask them to tell me all they know
Of our Lord on earth as a little child.

MRS. SARAH B. HENSHAW.

THE LIGHTHOUSE.

The tide comes up, and the tide goes down,
Over the rocks so rugged and brown,

And the cruel sea, with a hungry roar,
Dashes its breakers along the shore;
But steady and clear, with a constant ray
The star of the lighthouse shines alway.

The ships come sailing across the main,
But the harbor mouth is hard to gain,
For the treacherous reef lies close beside,
And the rocks are bare at the ebbing tide,
And the blinding fog comes down at night,
Shrouding and hiding the harbor light.

The sailors, sailing their ships along,
Will tell you a tale of the lighthouse strong;
How once, when the keeper was far away,
A terrible storm swept down the bay,
And two little children were left to keep
Their awesome watch with the angry deep.

The fair little sister wept, dismayed,
But the brother said, "I am not afraid;
There's ONE who ruleth on sea and land,
And holds the waves in His mighty hand;
For CHRIST'S dear sake I will watch to-night,
And feed, for the sailors, the beacon light."

So the sailors heard through the murky shroud
The fog-bell sounding its warning loud;

While the children up in the lonely tower,
Tended the lamp in the midnight hour,
And prayed for any whose souls might be
In deadly peril by land or sea.

Ghostly and dim, when the storm was o'er
The ships rode safely, far off the shore,
And a boat shot out from a town that lay,
Dusk and purple, across the bay.
She touched her keel to the lighthouse strand,
And the eager keeper leaped to land.

And swiftly climbing the lighthouse stair,
He called to his children, young and fair;
But, worn with their toilsome watch, they slept,
While slowly over their foreheads crept
The golden light of the morning sun,
Like a victor's crown, when his palm is won.

"GOD bless ye, children," the keeper cried,
"GOD bless thee, father," the boy replied.
"I dreamed that there stood beside my bed,
A beautiful angel, who smiled and said,
'Blessed are they whose love can make
Joy of labor, for CHRIST'S dear sake.'"

EMILY H. MILLER, IN LITTLE CORPORAL.

LIFE'S WORK.

All around us, fair with flowers,
  Fields of beauty sleeping lie;
All around us clarion voices
  Call to duty stern and high.

Thankfully we will rejoice in
  All the beauty God has given;
But beware it does not win us
  From the work ordained of Heaven.

Following every voice of mercy,
  With a trusting, loving heart,
Let us in life's earnest labor
  Still be sure to do our part.

Now, to-day, and not to-morrow,
  Let us work with all our might,
Lest the wretched faint and perish
  In the coming stormy night.

Now, to-day, and not to-morrow,
  Lest before to-morrow's sun
We, too, mournfully departing,
  Shall have left our work undone.

ANON.

NO.

There's a word very short, but decided and plain,
That speaks to the purpose at once;
Not a child but its meaning can quickly explain,
Yet often 'tis hard to pronounce;
What a world of vexation and trouble 'twould spare,
What pleasure and peace 'twould bestow,
If we turned, when temptation would lure and ensnare,
And firmly repulsed it with "No!"

When the idler would tempt us, with trifles and play,
To waste the bright moments so dear;
When the scoffer unholy our faith would gainsay,
And mock at the word we revere;
When deception and falsehood and guile would invite,
And fleeting enjoyments bestow,
Never palter with truth for a transient delight,
But check the first impulse with "No!"

In the morning of life, in maturity's day,
Whatever the cares that engage,

Be the precepts of virtue our guide and our stay,
Our solace from youth unto age!
Thus the heart shall ne'er waver, no matter how tried,
But firmness and constancy show,
And when passion or folly would draw us aside,
We'll spurn the seducer with "No!"

GEORGE BENNETT.

A WALK IN A CHURCHYARD.

We walked within the churchyard bounds,
My little boy and I,—
He laughing, running happy rounds,
I pacing mournfully.

"Nay, child! it is not well," I said,
"Among the graves to shout,
To laugh and play among the dead,
And make this noisy rout."

A moment to my side he clung,
Leaving his merry play,
A moment stilled his joyous tongue,
Almost as hushed as they:

Then, quite forgetting the command,
In life's exulting burst
Of early glee, let go my hand,
Joyous as at the first.

And now I did not check him more,
For, taught by Nature's face,
I had grown wiser than before,
Even in that moment's space.

She spread no funeral pall above
That patch of churchyard ground,
But the same azure vault of love
As hung o'er all around.

And white clouds o'er that spot would pass,
As freely as elsewhere;
The sunshine on no other grass
A richer hue might wear.

And formed from out that very mould
In which the dead did lie,
The daisy with its eye of gold,
Looked up into the sky.

The rook was wheeling overhead,
Nor hastened to be gone, —
The small bird did its glad notes shed,
Perched on a gray headstone.

And God, I said, would never give
  This light upon the earth,
Nor bid in childhood's heart to live
  These springs of gushing mirth,

If our one wisdom were to mourn
  And linger with the dead, —
To nurse, as wisest, thoughts forlorn
  Of worm and earthy bed.

O no! the glory earth puts on,
  The child's unchecked delight,
Both witness to a triumph won,
  If we but read aright, —

A triumph won o'er sin and death, —
  From these the Saviour saves;
And, like a happy infant, Faith
  Can play among the graves.

R. C. Trench.

AT NIGHTFALL.

Come stand by my knee, little children,
  Too weary for laughter or song,
The sports of the day are all over,
  And evening is creeping along.
The snow-fields are white in the moonlight,
  The winds of the winter are chill,

But, under the sheltering roof-tree,
The fire shines ruddy and still.

You sit by the fire, little children,
Your cheeks are ruddy and warm,
But out in the cold of the winter
Is many a shivering form.
There are mothers that wander for shelter,
And babes that are pining for bread;
O! thank the dear Lord, little children,
From whose tender hand you are fed.

Come look in my eyes, little children,
And tell me — through all the long day
Have you thought of the Father above us,
Who guarded from evil your way?
He heareth the cry of the sparrow,
And careth for great and for small;
In life and in death, little children,
His love is the truest of all.

Now go to your rest, little children,
And over your innocent sleep,
Unseen by your visions, the angels
Their watch, through the darkness, shall keep.
Then pray that the Shepherd who guideth
The lambs that he loveth so well,
May lead you, in life's rosy morning,
Beside the still waters to dwell.

HEIRSHIP.

Little store of wealth have I;
Not a rood of land I own;
Nor a mansion fair and high
Built with towers of fretted stone.
Stocks, nor bonds, nor title-deeds,
Flocks nor herds have I to show;
When I ride, no Arab steeds
Toss for me their manes of snow.

I have neither pearls nor gold,
Massive plate, nor jewels rare;
Broidered silks of worth untold,
Costly robes a queen might wear.
In my garden's narrow bound
Flaunt no costly tropic blooms,
Loading all the air around
With a weight of rare perfumes.

Yet to an immense estate
Am I heir, by grace of God —
Richer, grander than doth wait
Any earthly monarch's nod.
Heir of all the Ages, I —
Heir of all that they have wrought,
All their store of emprise high,
All their wealth of precious thought.

Every golden deed of theirs
Sheds its lustre on my way;
All their labors, all their prayers
Sanctify this present day!
Heir of all that they have earned
By their passion and their tears —
Heir of all that they have learned
Through the weary, toiling years.

Heir of all the faith sublime
On whose wings they soared to heaven;
Heir of every hope that Time
To Earth's fainting sons hath given!
Aspirations pure and high —
Strength to dare and to endure —
Heir of all the Ages, I —
Lo! I am no longer poor!

JULIA C. R. DORR.

WHO BIDS FOR THE CHILDREN?

Who bids for the little children,
Body, and soul, and brain?
Who bids for the little children,
Young and without a stain?

"Will no one bid," said England,
For their souls so pure and white,
And fit for all good and evil,
The world on their pages may write?

"We bid," said Pest and Famine,
"We bid for life and limb;
Fever and pain and squalor,
Their laughing eyes shall dim;
When the children grow too many,
We'll nurse them as our own,
And hide them in secret places,
Where none may hear their moan."

"I bid," said Beggary, howling,
"I'll buy them one and all;
I'll teach them a thousands lessons,
To lie, to skulk, to crawl;
They shall sleep in my lairs like maggots,
They shall rot in the fair sunshine,
And if they serve my purpose,
I hope they'll answer thine."

"And I'll bid higher and higher,"
Said Crime, with wolfish grin,
"For I love to lead the children,
Through the pleasant paths of sin;
They shall swarm in the streets to pilfer,
They shall plague the broad highway,

Till they grow too old for pity,
And ripe for the law to slay."

"O, shame," said true Religion,
"O, shame that this should be!
I'll take the little children,
I'll take them *all* to me;
I'll raise them up with kindness,
From the mire in which they're trod;
I'll teach them words of blessing,
I'll lead them up to God."

SUNDAY-SCHOOL ADVOCATE.

THE CHRISTIAN AND HIS ECHO.

True faith, producing love to God and man,
Say, Echo, is not this the gospel plan?
The gospel plan.

Must I my faith and love to Jesus show,
By doing good to all, both friend and foe?
Both friend and foe.

But if a brother hates and treats me ill,
Must I return him good, and love him still?
Love him still.

If he my failings watches to reveal,
Must I his faults as carefully conceal?
As carefully conceal.

But if my name and character he blast,
And cruel malice, too, a long time last,
If, when I sorrow and affliction know,
He loves to add unto my cup of woe;
In this uncommon, this peculiar case,
Sweet Echo, say, must I still love and bless?
Still love and bless.

Whatever usage ill I may receive,
Must I be patient still, and still forgive?
Be patient still and still forgive.

Why, Echo, how is this? thou'rt sure a dove!
Thy voice shall teach me nothing else but love.
Nothing else but love.

Amen! with all my heart, then be it so;
'Tis all delightful, just, and good, I know;
And now to practice I'll directly go.
Directly go.

Things being so, whoever me reject,
My gracious God me surely will protect.
Surely will protect.

Henceforth I'll roll on Him my every care,
And then both friend and foe embrace in prayer.
Embrace in prayer.

But after all those duties I have done,
Must I, in point of merit, then disown,
And trust for heaven through Jesus' blood alone?
Through Jesus' blood alone.

Echo, enough, thy counsels to mine ear,
Are sweeter than to flowers the dew-drop tear:
Thy wise instructive lessons please me well;
I'll go and practice them. Farewell, farewell!
Practice them. Farewell, farewell!

AUTHOR OF "THE CHANGED CROSS."

THE CHILDREN'S PRAYER.

Beautiful the children's faces!
Spite of all that mars and sears;
To my inmost heart appealing,
Calling forth love's tenderest feeling:
Steeping all my soul with tears.

Eloquent the children's faces —
Poverty's lean look, which saith,
Save us! save us! woe surrounds us;
Little knowledge sore confounds us;
Life is but a lingering death.

Give us light amid our darkness;
Let us know the good from ill;
Hate us not for all our blindness;
Love us, lead us, show us kindness,
You can make us what you will.

We are willing; we are ready:
We would learn if you would teach;
We have hearts that yearn towards duty;
We have minds alive to beauty;
Souls that any height can reach.

Raise us by your Christian knowledge;
Consecrate to man our powers;
Let us take our proper station;
We, the rising generation,
Let us stamp the age as ours.

We shall be what you will make us;—
Make us wise, and make us good;
Make us strong in time of trial,
Teach us temperance, self-denial,
Patience, kindness, fortitude!

Look into our childish faces;
See ye not our willing hearts?
Only love us,— only lead us,
Only let us know you need us,
And we all will do our parts.

We are thousands — many thousands!
Every day our ranks increase;
Let us march beneath your banner,
We, the legion of true honor,
Combating for love and peace!

Train us! try us! days slide onward,
They can ne'er be ours again;
Save us, save! from our undoing!
Save from ignorance and ruin;
Make us worthy to be MEN!

Send us to our weeping mothers,
Angel-stamped in heart and brow;
We may be our father's teachers:
We may be the mightiest preachers,
In the day that dawneth now.

Such the children's mute appealing!
All my inmost soul was stirred;
And my heart was bowed with sadness,
When a cry, like summer's gladness,
Said, "The children's prayer is heard!"

MARY HOWITT.

THE FIRST SNOW FALL.

The snow had begun in the gloaming,
And busily all the night

Had been heaping field and highway
With a silence deep and white.

Every pine and fir and hemlock
Wore ermine too dear for an earl,
And the poorest twig on the elm-tree
Was ridged inch-deep with pearl.

From sheds new-roofed with Carrara
Came Chanticleer's muffled crow,
The stiff rails were softened to swan's down,
And still fluttered down the snow.

I stood and watched by the window
The noiseless work of the sky,
And the sudden flurries of snow-birds,
Like brown leaves whirling by.

I thought of a mound in sweet Auburn,
Where a little headstone stood;
How the flakes were folding it gently,
As did robins the babes in the wood.

Up spoke our own little Mabel,
Saying, "Father, who makes it snow!"
And I told of the good All-Father
Who cares for us here below.

Again I looked at the snow-fall,
And thought of the leaden sky

That arched o'er our first great sorrow
When that mound was heaped so high.

I remembered the gradual patience
That fell from that cloud like snow,
Flake by flake, healing and hiding
The scar of our deep-plunged woe.

And again to the child I whispered,
"The snow that husheth all,
Darling, the merciful Father
Alone can make it fall."

Then with eyes that saw not I kissed her,
And she, kissing back, could not know
That *my* kiss was given to her sister
Folded close under deepening snow.

LOWELL.

THE BURIAL OF MOSES.

"And He buried him in a valley in the land of Moab over against Beth-Peor; but no man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day."—Deut. xxxiv. 6.

"By Nebo's lonely mountain,
On this side Jordan's wave,
In a vale in the land of Moab
There lies a lonely grave.

And no man knows that sepulchre,
And no man saw it e'er,
For the angels of God upturned the sod,
And laid the dead man there.

"That was the grandest funeral
That ever passed on earth;
But no man heard the trampling,
Or saw the train go forth —
Noiselessly, as the daylight
Comes back when night is done,
And the crimson streak on ocean's cheek
Grows into the great sun.

"Noiselessly, as the spring-time
Her crown of verdure weaves,
And all the trees on all the hills
Open their thousand leaves;
So, without sound of music,
Or voice of them that wept,
Silently, down from mountain's crown
The great procession swept.

"Perchance the bald old eagle,
On gray Beth-Peor's height,
Out of his lonely eyrie,
Looked on the wond'rous sight.
Perchance the lion, stalking,

Still shuns that hallowed spot;
For beast and bird have seen and heard
That which man knoweth not.

"But when the warrior dieth,
His comrades in the war
With arms reversed, and muffled drum,
Follow his funeral car;
They show the banners taken;
They tell his battles won,
And after him lead his masterless steed,
While peals the minute-gun.

"Amid the noblest of the land,
We lay the sage to rest,
And give the bard an honored place,
With costly marble drest,
In the great minster transept,
Where lights like glories fall,
And the organ rings and the sweet choir sings
Along the blazoned wall.

"This was the truest warrior
That ever buckled sword;
This the most gifted poet
That ever breathed a word;
And never earth's philosopher
Traced, with his golden pen,
On the deathless page, truths half so sage
As he wrote down for men.

"And had he not high honor —
The hill-side for a pall,
To lie in state, while angels wait,
With stars for tapers tall,
And the dark rock-pines, like tossing plumes,
Over his bier to wave,
And God's own hand, in that lonely land,
To lay him in the grave?

"In that strange grave without a name,
Whence his uncoffined clay
Shall break again, O, wondrous thought!
Before the judgment day,
And stand, with glory wrapped around,
On the hills he never trod,
And speak of the strife that won our life,
With th' incarnate Son of God.

"O lonely grave in Moab's land!
O dark Beth-Peor's hill!
Speak to these curious hearts of ours,
And teach them to be still.
God hath his mysteries of grace;
Ways that we cannot tell;
He hides them deep, like the hidden sleep
Of him he loved so well."

MRS. C. F. ALEXANDER.

THE VAUDOIS TEACHER.

"O lady fair, these silks of mine are beautiful and rare, —
The richest web of the Indian loom which beauty's queen might wear;
And my pearls are pure as thy own fair neck with whose radiant light they vie;
I have brought them with me a weary way, — will my gentle lady buy?"

And the lady smiled on the worn old man through the dark and clustering curls
Which veiled her brow as she bent to view his silks and glittering pearls;
And she placed their price in the old man's hand, then lightly turned away;
But she turned at the wanderer's earnest call, — "My gentle lady, stay!"

"O lady fair, I have yet a gem which a purer lustre flings
Than the diamond flash of the jewelled crown on the lofty brow of kings, —
A wonderful pearl of exceeding price, whose virtue shall not decay,
Whose light shall be as a spell to thee, and a blessing on thy way!"

The lady glanced at the mirroring steel where
her form of grace was seen,
Where her eye shone clear, and her dark locks
waved their clasping pearls between :—
" Bring forth thy pearl of exceeding worth,
thou traveller gray and old,
And name the price of thy precious gem, and
my page shall count thy gold."

The cloud went off from the pilgrim's brow,
as a small and meagre book,
Unchased with gold or gem of cost, from his
folding robe he took!
" Here, lady fair, is the pearl of price ; may it
prove as such to thee!
Nay — keep thy gold — I ask it not, for the
Word of God is free!"

The hoary traveller went his way, but the gift
he left behind
Hath had its pure and perfect work on that
high-born maiden's mind,
And she hath turned from the pride of sin to
the lowliness of truth,
And given her human heart to God in its
beautiful hour of youth.

And she hath left the gray old halls where an
evil faith hath power,

The courtly knights of her father's train, and
the maidens of her bower;
And she hath gone to the Vaudois vales, by
lordly feet untrod,
Where the poor and needy of earth are rich in
the perfect love of God.

WHITTIER.

I WANT TO JOIN THE RANSOMED.

I want to join the ransomed,
And with the ransomed stand,
"A crown upon my forehead,
A harp within my hand."
I want to join their chorus,
My voice I want to raise,
And swell the song of victory,
To my Redeemer's praise.

Angels look on in wonder,
They cannot join that song,
But list in silent rapture,
While saints their notes prolong.
Make me a saint in glory,
Oh, let me see thy face,
Like those who now before thee,
Repeat thy wond'rous grace.

I would not be an angel,
For them no Saviour died,
No, rather let me glory
In Christ, the crucified.
His love shall draw me nearer
Than angels ever come,
At His right hand He'll place me,
In our eternal home.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL TIMES.

GOLDEN HAIR.

Golden Hair sat on her grandfather's knee;
Dear little Golden Hair, tired was she,
All the day busy, as busy could be.

Up in the morning, as soon as 'twas light,
Out with the birds and the butterflies bright,
Flitting about till the coming of night.

Grandfather toyed with the curls on her head;
"What has my baby been doing," he said,
"Since she arose, with the sun, from her bed?"

"Pitty much," answered the sweet little one,
"I cannot tell, so much things have I done;
Played with my dolly, and feeded my 'bun.'

"And I have jumped with my little jump-rope,
And then I made, out of water and soap,
Bustle worlds, mamma's castles of hope.

"Then I have readed in my picture-book,
And little Bella and I went to look
For some smooth stones by the side of the brook.

"Then I comed home and eated my tea,
And I climbed up to my grandpa's knee,
I'm *jes* as tired as tired can be."

Nearer and nearer the little head pressed,
Until it dropped upon grandfather's breast;
Dear little Golden Hair, sweet be thy rest.

We are but children; the things that we do
Are as sports of a babe to the Infinite view,
That sees all our weakness and pities it too.

God grant that when night overshadows our way,
And we shall be called to account for the day,
He may find it as guileless as Golden Hair's play.

And oh! when aweary, may we be so blest
As to sink, like an innocent child, to our rest,
And feel ourselves clasped to the Infinite breast.

ANON.

LITTLE BESSIE.

"Hug me closer, closer, mother;
Put your arms around me tight;
I am cold and tired, mother,
And I feel so strange to-night!
Something hurts me here, dear mother,
Like a stone upon my breast:
O, I wonder, wonder, mother,
Why it is I cannot rest!

"All the day, while you were working,
As I lay upon my bed,
I was trying to be patient,
And to think of what you said:
How the kind and blessed Jesus
Loves his lambs to watch and keep;
And I wished he'd come and take me
In his arms, that I might sleep.

"Just before the lamp was lighted,
Just before the children came,
While the room was very quiet,
I heard some one call my name.
All at once the windows opened:
In a field were lambs and sheep;
Some from out a brook were drinking,
Some were lying fast asleep.

"But I could not see the Saviour,
Though I strained my eyes to see;
And I wondered, if he saw me,
If he'd speak to such as me.
In a moment I was looking
On a world so bright and fair,
Which was full of little children,
And they seemed so happy there.

"They were singing, O how sweetly!
Sweeter songs I never heard;
They were singing sweeter, mother,
Than can sing our pretty bird;
And while I my breath was holding,
One so bright upon me smiled,
That I knew it must be Jesus,
And he said, 'Come here, my child;

"'Come up here, my little Bessie;
Come up here, and live with me;
Where the children never suffer,
But are happier than you see.'
Then I thought of all you told me,
Of that bright and happy land:
I was going, when you called me,
When you came and kissed my hand.

"And at first I felt so sorry
You had called me: I would go—

O, to sleep, and never suffer! —
Mother, don't be crying so!
Hug me closer, closer, mother;
Put your arms around me tight;
O, how much I love you, mother!
But I feel so strange to-night!"

And the mother pressed her closer
To her overburdened breast;
On the heart so near to breaking,
Lay the heart so near at rest!
In the solemn hour of midnight,
In the darkness calm and deep,
Lying on her mother's bosom,
Little Bessie fell asleep!

MELODIES FOR CHILDHOOD.

LOST MARGERY.

O, where has the little one fled,
The child with the innocent eyes,
With the ready smile and the springing step,
And the merry, quick replies?

She was always so gay and so bright
That I miss her when she is gone;
Is she out at her play in the garden there?
Do you think she would leave me alone?

Perhaps she is hunting the flowers
That come when the snow melts away, —
The crocuses, starting up purple and white,
Or the violets, children of May.

Or perhaps she is out with the birds,
Teaching robin and sparrow to sing;
Or dancing along with the glad little stream,
Set free by the touch of the spring.

Oh, why are your eyes so sad?
Have you never a word to say?
Did the angels lean from their heavenly height
And beckon my darling away?

Has she gone through the gates of pearl?
Has she crossed the jasper sea?
She cannot be lost whom the angels have found,
But she will not come back to me.

LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON

THE OPEN DOOR.

Within a town of Holland once
A widow dwelt, 'tis said,
So poor, alas! her children asked
One night in vain for bread.

But this poor woman loved the Lord,
And knew that he was good;
So with her little ones around,
She prayed to him for food.

When prayer was done, her eldest child,
A boy of eight years old,
Said softly, "In the Holy Book,
Dear mother, we are told
How God, with food by ravens brought,
Supplied his prophet's need."
"Yes," answered she; "but that, my son,
Was long ago indeed."

"But, mother, God may do again
What he has done before;
And so to let the birds fly in
I will unclose the door!"
Then little Dick, in simple faith,
Opened the door full wide,
So that the radiance of their lamp
Fell on the path outside.

Ere long the burgomaster passed,
And, noticing the light,
Paused to inquire why the door
Was open so, at night.
"My little Dick has done it, sir,"
The widow, smiling, said,

"That ravens might fly in to bring
My hungry children bread."

"Indeed," the burgomaster cried;
"Then here's a raven, lad;
Come to my home, and you shall see
Where bread may soon be had."
Along the street to his own house
He quickly led the boy,
And sent him back with food that filled
His humble home with joy.

The supper ended, little Dick
Went to the open door,
Looked up, said, "Many thanks, good Lord!"
Then shut it fast once more;
For though no bird had entered in,
He knew that God on high,
Had hearkened to his mother's prayer,
And sent the full supply.

TRACT JOURNAL.

THE LITTLE ORPHAN.

Out in the night, on a hard gray stone,
A poor little beggar girl knelt alone;
And, clasping her hands in the quiet air,
She softly whispered her evening prayer.

" O God, thou knowest I have no home ;
But if thou wilt tell thine angels to come
And keep their watch o'er me, I'll not fear
Though I lay me down on the earth so drear.

" In all this world I have no kind face,
No eye to pity, no arm to embrace ;
But Jesus can look on me from above,
And I shall not want any other love."

The child gazed into the far-off height,
Where myriads of stars were gleaming bright;
And nearer and nearer the glory came,
Till the earth around her seemed a-flame.

And the faces of father and mother were there,
And visions of angels filled the air,
And the voice of Jesus said to her, " Come !
You are wanted in your eternal home."

The morning sun arose and shone
On a little form by the hard gray stone ,
But the beggar's soul had cleft the skies,
And was happy and free in Paradise.

CHILD AT HOME.

ONE STEP MORE.

What though before me it is dark,
Too dark for me to see ?
I ask but light for one step more,
'Tis quite enough for me.

Each little humble step I take,
The gloom clears from the next;
So, though 'tis very dark beyond,
I never am perplexed.

And if sometimes the mist hangs close,
So close I fear to stray,
Patient I wait a little while,
And soon it clears away.

I would not see my further path,
For mercy veils it so ;
My present steps might harder be
Did I the future know.

It may be that my path is rough,
Thorny and hard and steep ;
And, knowing this, my strength might fail,
Through fear and terror deep.

It may be that it winds along
A smooth and flowery way ;

But seeing this I might despise
The journey of to-day.

Perhaps my path is very short,
My journey nearly done,
And I might tremble at the thought
Of ending it so soon.

Or, if I saw a weary length
Of road that I must wend,
Fainting, I'd think, "My feeble powers
Will fail me ere the end."

And so I do not wish to see
My journey or its length;
Assured that, through my Father's love,
Each step will bring its strength.

Thus step by step I onward go,
Not looking far before;
Trusting that I shall always have
Light for just "one step more."

BRITISH MESSENGER.

THE ROBIN.

My old Welsh neighbor over the way
Crept slowly out in the sun of spring,

Pushed from her ears the locks of gray,
And listened to hear the robin sing.

Her grandson, playing at marbles, stopped,
And cruel in sport, as boys will be,
Tossed a stone at the bird, who hopped
From bough to bough in the apple-tree.

"Nay!" said the grandmother, "have you not
My poor bad boy! of the fiery pit, [heard,
And how, drop by drop, this merciful bird
Carries the water that quenches it?

He brings cool dew in his little bill,
And lets it fall on the souls of sin;
You can see the mark on his red breast still
Of fires that scorch as he drops it in.

My poor Bron rhuddyn! my breast-burned bird,
Singing so sweetly from limb to limb,
Very dear to the heart of our Lord
Is he who pities the lost like Him!"

"Amen!" I said to the beautiful myth,
"Sing, bird of God, in my heart as well;
Each good thought is a drop wherewith
To cool and lessen the fires of hell.

Prayers of love like rain-drops fall,
Tears of pity are cooling dew,
And dear to the heart of our Lord are all
Who suffer like Him in the good they do!"

WHITTIER.

THE LOUD CALL;

OR, THE DISINTERESTED PARSON.

There lived a Parson, as we're told,
But when, or where, we know not,
Who oft his snoring flock would scold,
Threat'ning that they to heaven should go not,
But rather down to hell be hurl'd,
If they would not abjure the world,
And count as dross its filthy mammon, *gold.*

It chanced, at length, this goodly wight,
Who stoutly fought the Christian fight,
Elsewhere received a *louder call:*
What though the stipend was a *trifle* more?
To one who placed in wealth so little store,
This had *no weight* you know, *at all*,
'Twas not the *cash* — oh! no —
But 'twas "the Lord commanded" —

And though 'twas *hard* to go away,
Should he refuse "the Lord t' obey,"
And be a careless servant branded?
No, sure — so he must go.

The parting Sabbath now arriv'd,
And all his simple flock contriv'd
To hear their priest's farewell:
He ply'd them long in righteous strain,
Bade them from darling sins refrain,
And in sweet concord dwell;
To hate the world, in holy ways be bold,
And shun the soul's seducer, *glitt'ring gold.*
The service o'er,
Before the door,
The parish gentry gathered round:
Smiling, the good man came among them,
Seiz'd on their offer'd hands, and wrung them;
"A saint on *earth*," the grannies cried,
They rolled their eyeballs up, and sigh'd,
And dropp'd their farewell curtsies to the ground.

Behind the rest,
To bid the priest good-bye,
In nature's sooty jacket drest,
Old Cæsar came — a wag, and mighty sly.

Bowing, the *stick of ebony* began
A confab with the gold-despising man —
" Ah! how good massa parson do?
I hope he fine him very well."
" Well, Cæsar, well, and how do you?"
" Ah! massa, Cæsar hardly tell;
Dis good long twenty year,
Wid you he worship here,
And now he sorry from you frock you go."
" Ah! honest Cæsar, yes, it must be so;
I'm *sorry*, too,
That I am *forc'd* away;
But then you know, 'twould never do,
The '*Lord's loud call*' for me to disobey."

" Who? massa, who, you say?
De Lord call you away?
Massa, how many poun a year,
Do people pays for preaching here?"
" Two hundred" — " toder place gib any more?"
" Why — Cæsar — yes, I *think* they offer FOUR."
" Ah! massa, may be 'tis the Lord who call,
But don't you think more loud you let him bawl,
Aye, call and call till all be blue,
Forc you come back from *four* to *two?*

De Lord he hollo till he dumb,
Fore massa parson ebber come."

ANON.

WANTED — A MINISTER.

We have been without a pastor,
Some eighteen months or more;
And though candidates are plenty —
We've had at least a score —
All of them "tip-top" preachers,
Or so their letters ran —
We're just as far as ever
From settling on the man.

The first who came among us
By no means was the worst,
But then we didn't think of him,
Because he was the first;
It being quite the custom
To sacrifice a few,
Before the church in earnest
Determines what to do.

There was a smart young fellow,
With serious, earnest way,
Who, but for one great blunder,
Had surely won the day;

Who left so good impression,
On Monday, one or two,
Went round among the people
To see if he would do.

The pious, godly portion
Had not a fault to find;
His clear and searching preaching
They thought the very kind.
And all went smooth and pleasant,
Until they heard the views
Of some influential sinners
Who rent the highest pews.

On these his pungent dealing
Made but a sorry hit;
The coat of gospel teaching
Was quite too tight a fit.
Of course his fate was settled —
Attend ye parsons all!
And preach to please the sinners,
If you would get a call.

Next came a spruce young dandy —
He wore his hair too long;
Another's coat was shabby,
And his voice not over strong;

And one New Haven student
Was worse than all of those —
We couldn't heed the sermon
For thinking of his nose!

Then wearying of candidates,
We looked the country through,
'Mid doctors and professors,
To find one that would do;
And after much discussion
On who should bear the ark,
With tolerable agreement
We fixed on Dr. Park.

Here, then, we thought it settled,
But were amazed to find
Our flattering invitation
Respectfully declined.
We turned to Dr. Hopkins
To help us in the lurch,
Who strangely thought the college
Had claims above our church.

Next we dispatched committees,
By twos and threes, to urge
The labors for a Sabbath
Of the Rev. Shallow Splurge.

He came — a marked sensation,
So wonderful his style,
Followed the creaking of his boots
As he passed up the aisle.

His tones were so affecting,
His gestures so divine,
A lady fainted in the hymn,
Before the second line;
And on that day he gave us,
In accents clear and loud,
The greatest prayer ever addressed
To an enlightened crowd.

He preached a double sermon,
And gave us angel's food,
On such a lovely topic —
"The Joys of Solitude;"
All full of sweet descriptions
Of flowers and pearly streams,
Of warbling birds, and moonlit groves,
And golden sunset beams.

Of Faith and true Repentance,
He nothing had to say;
He rounded all the corners,
And smoothed the rugged way;
Managed with great adroitness
To entertain and please,

And leave the sinner's conscience
Completely at its ease.

Six hundred is the salary
We gave in former days;
We thought it very liberal,
And found it hard to raise.
But when we took the paper,
We had no need to urge,
To raise a cool two thousand
For the Rev. Shallow Splurge.

In vain were all the efforts —
We had no chance at all —
We found ten city churches
Had given him a call;
And he, in prayerful waiting,
Was keeping all in tow,
But where they paid the highest,
It was whispered he would go.

And now, good Christian brethren,
We ask your earnest prayers,
That God would send a shepherd
To guide our church affairs.
With this clear understanding —
A man, to meet our views,
Must preach to please the sinners,
And fill the vacant pews.

ANON.

KATIE'S TREASURES.

In the soft October sunshine,
'Neath the forest's golden eaves,
Roamed a merry band of maidens,
In a crimson rain of leaves.
But 'mid ringing bursts of laughter,
Fluttering through the misty air,
All their young hearts' cherished treasures
Each with other did compare.

"I dwell in a lordly mansion,"
Cried a pair of scarlet lips;
"In the carpet's tufted roses
Deep my lightest footstep dips.
Oh, the curtains, and the pictures!
But, more beautiful than all,
You should see the western sunlight
Creep along the painted wall."

"Listen," quickly cried another,
"Listen now, I pray, to me,—
Years ago there was a necklace
Borne across the deep, blue sea;
In its velvet-cushioned casket,
Stars could not so brightly shine;
But this chain of prisoned rainbows
By and by will all be mine."

"I have not such wondrous jewels,"
Proudly spoke another voice,
"But I'd rather have my *father*,
If I had to take my choice.
He has grown so very famous,—
People almost kiss his hand,
And, in time, I'm very certain
He'll be ruler of the land."

Thus ran on the eager voices,
As they gayly had begun,
Till some tale of wondrous treasure
Every child had told, save *one*.
"She will not have much to tell us,"
Whispered they, "poor little thing!"
Smiling spake the blue-eyed Katie,
"I'm the daughter of a king!"

Then they laughed: "O princess, tell us
Where the king, your father dwells;
Do your mighty palace portals
Swing at touch of golden bells?"
Meekly answered gentle Kate,
Pushing back a floating curl,
"All the shining wall is golden,
Every gate a single pearl.

"And more glorious than the sunrise,
Through the purple morning mist,

Brightly glow the brave foundations, —
Jasper, Sapphire, Amethyst;
And within, — such wondrous treasures!
Oh, what happiness to see!
But, when home my Father calls me,
He will give them all to me."

Then the little maids grew thoughtful,
And they looked with tender eyes,
On the sweet-faced little Katie,
Gazing upward to the skies.
And they said, "O happy princess!
Listening for the great King's call,
You have found the greatest treasure,
You are richest of us all."

SUNDAY-SCHOOL SPEAKER.

CHRISTMAS HYMN.

Calm on the listening ear of night
Come Heaven's melodious strains,
Where wild Judea stretches far
Her silver-mantled plains!

Celestial choirs, from courts above,
Shed sacred glories there,
And angels, with their sparkling lyres,
Make music on the air.

The answering hills of Palestine
Send back the glad reply;
And greet, from all their holy heights,
The dayspring from on high.

On the blue depths of Galilee
There comes a holier calm,
And Sharon waves, in solemn praise,
Her silent groves of palm.

"Glory to God!" the sounding skies
Loud with their anthems ring;—
Peace to the earth — good-will to men,
From Heaven's Eternal King!

Light on thy hills, Jerusalem!
The Saviour now is born!
And bright on Bethlehem's joyous plains
Breaks the first Christmas morn.

E. H. Sears.

CHRIST AND THE LITTLE ONES.

"The Master has come over Jordan,"
Said Hannah, the mother, one day;
"He is healing the people who throng him,
With a touch of his finger, they say.

"And now I shall carry the children,
Little Rachel, and Samuel, and John;
I shall carry the baby, father,
For the Lord to look upon."

The father looked at her kindly,
But he shook his head and smiled,
"Now who but a doting mother
Would think of a thing so wild!

"If the children were tortured by demons,
Or dying of fever — 'twere well —
Or had they the taint of the leper,
Like many in Israel — "

"Nay, do not hinder me, Nathan,
I feel such a burden of care, —
If I carry it to the Master
Perhaps I shall leave it there.

"If he lay his hand on the children,
My heart will be lighter, I know,
For a blessing forever and ever
Will follow them as they go."

So over the hills of Judah,
Along by the vine-rows green,
With Esther asleep on her bosom,
And Rachel her brothers between;

Mong the people who hung on his teaching,
Or waited his touch and his word,
Through the row of proud Pharisees listening,
She pressed to the feet of the Lord.

"Now why shouldst thou hinder the Master,"
Said Peter, "with children like these?
Seest not how from morning till evening
He teacheth, and healeth disease?"

Then Christ said: "Forbid not the children,
Permit them to come unto me;"
And he took in his arm little Esther,
And Rachel he sat on his knee.

And the heavy heart of the mother
Was lifted all care above,
As he laid his hands on the brothers,
And blessed them with tenderest love;

As he said to the babes in his bosom,
"Of such are the kingdom of heaven;—"
What strength for all duty and trial,
That hour to her spirit was given.

ANON.

THE HEART'S SONG.

In the silent midnight watches,
List — thy bosom-door!
How it knocketh, knocketh, knocketh,
Knocketh ever more!
Say not 'tis thy pulse's beating;
'Tis thy heart of sin;
'Tis thy Saviour knocks, and crieth
Rise, and let me in!

Death comes down with reckless footstep,
To the hall and hut;
Think you Death will stand a-knocking
Where the door is shut?
Jesus waiteth — waiteth — waiteth;
But thy door is fast!
Grieved, away thy Saviour goeth:
Death breaks in at last.

Then 'tis thine to stand — entreating
Christ to let thee in:
At the gate of heaven beating,
Wailing for thy sin.
Nay, alas! thou foolish virgin,
Hast thou then forgot,
Jesus waited long to know thee,
But he knows thee not?

A. C. Coxe.

JESUS OF NAZARETH PASSETH BY.

Watcher, who wakest by the bed of pain,
While stars sweep on with their midnight train,
Stifling the tear for thy loved one's sake,
Holding thy breath lest his sleep should break,
In thy loneliest hour there's a helper nigh,
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

Stranger afar from thy native land,
Whom no man takes with a brother's hand,
Table and hearthstones are glowing free,
Casements are sparkling, but not for thee,
There is one can tell of a home on high,
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

Sad one, in secret bending low, [know,
A dart in thy heart, that the world may not
Wrestling the favor of God to win,
The seal of pardon for days of sin,
Press on, press on, with thy prayerful cry,
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

Mourner, who sitteth in church-yard lone,
Scanning the lines on that marble stone,
Plucking the weeds from thy children's bed,
Planting the myrtle and rose instead,
Look up from the tomb with thy tearful eye,
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

Fading one, with the hectic streak,
In thy vein of fire and thy wasted cheek,
Fear'st thou the shade of the darkened vale,
Look to the guide who can *never* fail,
He hath trod it Himself, He will hear thy cry,
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

ANON.

COWPER'S GRAVE.

It is a place where poets crowned
May feel the heart's decaying —
It is a place where happy saints
May weep amid their praying —
Yet let the grief and humbleness,
As low as silence, languish;
Earth surely now may give her calm
To whom she gave her anguish.

O poets! from a maniac's tongue
Was poured the deathless singing!
O Christians! at your cross of hope
A hopeless hand was clinging!
O men! this man in brotherhood,
Your weary paths beguiling,
Groaned inly while he taught you peace,
And died while you were smiling.

* * * * * * *

But while in blindness he remained
Unconscious of the guiding,
And things provided came without
The sweet sense of providing,
He testified this solemn truth,
Though frenzy — desolated —
Nor man nor nature satisfy,
Whom only God created!

Like a sick child that knoweth not
His mother while she blesses,
And drops upon his burning brow
The coolness of her kisses;
That turns his fever'd eyes around —
"My mother! where's my mother?"
As if such tender words and looks
Could come from any other!

The fever gone, with leaps of heart
He sees her bending o'er him;
Her face all pale from watchful love,
The unweary love she bore him!
Thus woke the poet from the dream
His life's long fever gave him,
Beneath those deep pathetic eyes,
Which closed in death to save him.

Thus: oh, not thus! no type of earth
Could image that awaking,
Wherein he scarcely heard the chant
Of seraphs round him breaking —
Or felt the new immortal throb
Of soul from body parted;
But felt those eyes alone, and knew
"My Saviour! not deserted!"

Deserted! who hath dreamt that when
The cross in darkness rested
Upon the victim's hidden face,
No love was manifested?
What frantic hands outstretched have e'er
The atoning drops averted —
What tears have washed them from the soul —
That *one* should be deserted?

Deserted! God could separate
From his own essence rather:
And Adam's sins *have* swept between
The righteous Son and Father;
Yea! once Immanuel's orphaned cry
His universe hath shaken —
It went up single, echoless,
"My God, I am forsaken!"

It went up from the Holy's lips
Amid his lost creation,

That of the lost, no son should use
  Those words of desolation;
That, earth's worst frenzies, marring hope,
  Should mar not hope's fruition;
And I, on Cowper's grave, should see
  His rapture, in a vision!

MRS. BROWNING.

GONE.

Another hand is beckoning us,
  Another call is given;
And glows once more with angel steps
  The path which reaches heaven.

* * * * * * *

We miss her in the place of prayer,
  And by the hearth-fire's light;
We pause beside her door to hear
  Once more her sweet "Good-night!"

There seems a shadow on the day,
  Her smile no longer cheers;
A dimness on the stars of night,
  Like eyes that look through tears.

Alone unto our Father's will
  One thought hath reconciled —

That he whose love exceedeth ours
Has taken home his child.

Fold her, O Father, in thine arms;
And let her henceforth be
A messenger of love between
Our human hearts and thee.

Still let her mild rebuking stand
Between us and the wrong,
And her dear memory serve to make
Our faith in goodness strong.

And grant that she, who, trembling here,
Distrusted all her powers,
May welcome to her holier home
The well-beloved of ours.

WHITTIER.

RESIGNATION.

There is no flock, however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there!
There is no fireside, howso'er defended,
But has one vacant chair!

The air is full of farewells to the dying,
And mournings for the dead;

The heart of Rachel for her children crying
Will not be comforted!

Let us be patient! these severe afflictions
Not from the ground arise,
But oftentimes celestial benedictions
Assume this dark disguise.

We see but dimly through the mists and vapors;
Amid these earthly damps
What seem to us but dim, funereal tapers,
May be Heaven's distant lamps.

There is no Death! what seems so is transition;
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portal we call Death.

She is not dead — the child of our affection —
But gone unto that school,
Where she no longer needs our poor protection,
And Christ himself doth rule.

In that great cloister's stillness and seclusion,
By guardian angels led,
Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution,
She lives — whom we call dead.

Day after day we think what she is doing
In those bright realms of air;

Year after year her tender steps pursuing,
Behold her grown more fair.

Thus do we talk with her, and keep unbroken
The bond which nature gives, [spoken,
Thinking that our remembrance, though un-
May reach her where she lives.

Not as a child shall we again behold her;
For when with raptures wild
In our embraces we again enfold her,
She will not be a child;

But a fair maiden, in her Father's mansion,
Clothed with celestial grace;
And beautiful with all the soul's expansion
Shall we behold her face.

And though at times, impetuous with emotion
And anguish long suppressed, [ocean,
The swelling heart heaves moaning like the
That cannot be at rest;

We will be patient! and assuage the feeling
We cannot wholly stay;
By silence sanctifying, not concealing,
The grief that must have way.

LONGFELLOW.

OVER THE RIVER.

Over the river they beckon to me, — [side;
Loved ones who've crossed to the farther
The gleam of their snowy robes I see, [tide.
But their voices are drowned in the rushing
There's one with ringlets of sunny gold,
And eyes the reflection of heaven's own blue;
He crossed in the twilight gray and cold,
And the pale mist hid him from mortal view.
We saw not the angel who met him there,
The gates of the city we could not see;
Over the river, over the river,
My brother stands waiting to welcome me.

Over the river the boatman pale
Carried another — the household pet:
Her brown curls waved in the gentle gale —
Darling Minnie, I see her yet!
She crossed on her bosom her dimpled hands,
And fearlessly entered the phantom bark;
We watched it glide from the silver sands,
And all our sunshine grew strangely dark.
We know she is safe on the farther side,
Where all the ransomed and angels be;
Over the river, the mystic river,
My childhood's idol is waiting for me."

For none return from those quiet shores,
Who pass with the boatman cold and pale;
We hear the dip of the golden oars,
And catch a gleam of the snowy sail, —
And lo! they have passed from our yearning hearts;
They cross the stream and are gone for aye.
We may not sunder the veil apart
That hides from our vision the gates of day;
We only know that their bark no more
May sail with us o'er life's stormy sea;
Yet somewhere, I know, on this unseen shore,
They watch, and beckon, and wait for me.

And I sit and think, when the sunset's gold
Is flushing river, and hill and shore,
I shall one day stand by the water cold,
And list for the sound of the boatman's oar,
I shall watch for a gleam of the flapping sail,
I shall hear the boat as it gains the strand;
I shall pass from sight with the boatman pale,
To the better shore of the spirit land;
I shall know the loved who have gone before,
And joyfully sweet will the meeting be,
When over the river, the peaceful river,
The Angel of Death shall carry me.

NANCY A. W. PRIEST.

PART II.

Declamations.

AN OPENING ADDRESS

FOR A

SUNDAY-SCHOOL EXHIBITION.

(*For a boy of twelve or thirteen.*)

First impressions are everything, they say; and so they have put me on to speak first. I can't think of much to say, though. It's the way in which I say it that's everything with me, as with some other folks. Let's see—they told me to say that you're all welcome. Do you understand that? Well, I'll add to *that*, that the better you behave, the more welcome you'll be. We young folks have been disturbed before now by the old folks whispering and nestling round in their seats, and fussing with their finery. I hope I shall see nothing of that sort to-night. Children! you are a special police force to keep order at this Sunday-School Exhibition. I'll tell you how to

do it. Just set the old folks an example. They'll be glad enough to follow it. They always follow us children. Didn't my mother follow me, when she found me in the pantry with a piece of mince-pie in my hand? I *think* she did! (*With appropriate gesture.*)

And, little folks, just speak up loud and prompt, when you speak your pieces and recite your verses. What's the use of talking, if you can't be heard? or if you talk a minute too late?

If you mind what I say, old folks and children (and of course you will,) I've no doubt we shall have the best exhibition of the season. We always *do*, you know.

A CLOSING ADDRESS

FOR A

SUNDAY-SCHOOL EXHIBITION.

(*For a boy of twelve or thirteen.*)

"First impressions are everything," said the boy who spoke first; but, really, *last* impressions are a good deal more important, and the Superintendent understood *that*, when he

kept his best wine till the last. He wants me to say that we're all very much obliged to you for coming here, and for your kind appreciation of our efforts to please; and I want to say for myself, (for I'm tired and sleepy) — Good-night.

AN APPEAL FOR BENEFICENCE.

(*For a small boy.*)

The boy that spoke first to-night said you were all welcome. I shan't take it back. You *are* welcome. You're welcome to see and hear; but you're just twice as welcome to *give.* We love to look at you, and we're *willing* you should look at us. We're glad to have you hear *us;* but we want to hear *you.* You haven't any speeches ready? All right! We don't want to hear those. We can make those ourselves — as you've seen. What we do want to hear is the rustling of Greenbacks and the clinking of Silver, as the ushers pass the boxes round. That's a kind of music that we appreciate, for it gets us our library-books, our papers, our banners, and everything else that a Sunday-School needs; and then its

a kind of music that we can't make ourselves, and everybody prizes what he can't do himself. We do our best now. This school has given —— dollars for benevolent objects, during the past year. Isn't such a school worth helping? We mean to do better by-and-by, when *we* get hold of the money-bags. Just now, *you* must do the giving, and, to help you, I will ask the school to sing: "GIVE, SAYS THE LITTLE STREAM."

(*Fresh Laurels*, *p.* 38.)

WHERE DOES ALL THE MONEY GO TO?

(*For a boy of thirteen or fourteen.*)

"Where does all the money go to? I'd like to know," says Mr. Skinflint. "Here I gave two dollars to this Sunday-School a year ago; and now they're at me for another contribution." Well, Mr. Skinflint, I'll tell you, when you tell me where all the pins go to, and what becomes of the old sermons that have been preached till they can't be preached again, without copying. I suspect they're

used up; and so much the better, say I. Somebody's got the job of making new ones and better ones. Your two dollars was gone long ago, neighbor Skinflint. It went the way of your last winter's wood-pile, or your yesterday's beef-steak. It did you good while it lasted; but it couldn't last forever, you know. You want more wood and more beef, don't you? Well, we want more money. What you gave us went into papers, perhaps, and it may be the Catholic parents of some of our children tucked them into the fire as soon as they got home. Or, perhaps it went into the library and bought us about a book and a half, which stand there to-day, all tattered and torn, and saying, as plainly as books can speak, "This school is out of money." So, neighbor Skinflint, please realize that two dollars isn't a life-subscription to a live Sunday-School like ours.

AN APPEAL FOR SYMPATHY.

(*For a young lady.*)

They have requested me to ask you to give us something. Don't button your pockets or knit your brows. It isn't money that we want.

(Ah! now you look more propitious;) it's sympathy. To be sure, we *do* want money, and somebody else may say something about that, by-and-by; but *I* say that we need your sympathy and the aid of your presence in the Sunday-School a great deal more. Here are these boys just sprouting into coat-tails, and these girls with slowly-lengthening dresses, who tell us that they can't stay in Sunday-School much longer — they're too old. What do you think about it, father and mother? Are they too old? "Not a bit of it," you say. Well, are *you* too old to set them a good example? Suppose you were teaching in the class beside them, or learning in the class over in the corner, would they think of dropping out of Sunday-School? *Not a bit of it*, say we. We warn you fairly, to-night, that Tommy and Jenny won't stay with us much longer, unless you give us your sympathy and help.

And can't you give us your sympathy in a general way? Here are lots of children who aren't your children; but they're "*Somebody's* children." We have a pretty hard time of it with the little "wharf-rats" and "alley birds." We need help — somebody to pray with us and pray for us — somebody to help us do the work that ignorant and vicious parents neg-

lect. Christian friends, we call on you. Look in upon our Sunday-School once in a while, if you can do nothing more. Better still — enroll yourself as teacher or scholar; take hold and work, and realize *this* — that we'd vastly rather get hold of a man's heart, than his pocket, though the pocket would follow the heart in due time, of course.

A CALL FOR VOLUNTEERS.

(*For a small but sturdy boy.*)

I am the recruiting sergeant for this Sunday-School army. I want volunteers. No drafted men or substitutes taken. Our President has issued calls for: FIRST, two hundred scholars to fill up the classes. None taken under five or over seventy-five. Race, sex, or condition in life of no account. "Come one, come all," Chicago-fashion.

SECOND, — Twenty teachers to teach the two hundred scholars. *Must* be Christians. *Should* have brains and heart. Will try applicants for a while, and see if they fill the bill.

N. B. All applicants must possess overshoes and an umbrella, so that they can get

out on stormy Sundays. None liable to "Sunday sickness" need apply.

THIRD. — Ten rich men who haven't brains enough to teach but have heart enough to give fifty dollars apiece, year after year, to our Sunday-School.

Now don't all speak at once. Those that apply first, shall have the first chance.

I AM A LITTLE GIRL, YOU SEE.

I am a little girl, you see,
I'm only three feet high,
But ma says I can speak a piece,
If I will only try.

I thought, indeed I *told* her so,
You'd really think it queer,
To see a little tiny child
Attempt to stand up here.

I wish, for fear that I should blush,
You'd turn your eyes away,
'Tis better not to look at me;
But just hear what I say.

I love to come to Sunday-School,
And say my lesson, too;

My teacher gives me pretty books,
And tickets red and blue.

She tells me that I must be good,
I'm sure I mean to try,
Because I want to go and live
With Jesus, when I die.

I want to hear his loving voice
Say, "Little Mary, come!"
Oh! let us *all* try to be good,
And meet in heaven, our home.

S. S. Celebration Book.

"I AM A HAPPY LITTLE BOY."

And I'm a happy little boy,
From early morn till night
I'm shouting, leaping all the time,
In innocent delight.

My little heart is just as full
Of joy as it can be,
For I have parents kind and good,
Who always care for me.

And then I know that I have, too,
Up in the heaven so high,
A holy Father who looks down
On me with loving eye.

And though I cannot see his face,
I know he loves me well,
And if I live for him on earth,
In heaven I'll with him dwell.

S. S. Celebration Book.

ADDRESS OF WELCOME TO A NEW PASTOR.

(*To be spoken by a small girl.*)

Dear Pastor:

We feel as if you couldn't be quite our pastor, unless we children had something to say about it. So now that the old folks have said their say, and the matter is all fixed, (as they think), we want to give you a call of our own. We call you, dear pastor, to the Sunday-School, and bid you a hearty welcome to it. The right of working here just as hard as you please, and the privilege of taking your pay in cheerful glances and sunny smiles are freely yours. If you don't avail yourself of these rights and privileges, we shall be terribly disappointed in you; for we think you love children, and we children are all ready to love you — which we can't do, you know, unless you love us. We wish you *could* come into

the Sunday-School every week, and go round from class to class, and just help us a little — if it's only by a pleasant look. But perhaps you'll be too tired after preaching. Well, we won't complain, if you don't come every Sunday. But do come as often as you can; and please let us feel everywhere and always that you are *our* pastor. It'll take you a good while, of course, to learn all our faces, so we boys and girls have put our heads together, and made up our minds that we'll bow to you when we meet you on the street, without waiting for you to recognize us. So just look out for your little parish, when school is let loose, and be sure and bow back, Mr. Pastor. Yes — you *may* stop and shake hands, if you want to; if you don't, you needn't. We'll let you have a good many things all your own way, if we see that you really love us children; and I'm sure we shall.

ADDRESS OF WELCOME TO A NEW SUPERINTENDENT.

(*To be spoken by a small boy.*)

Dear Mr. Blank:

It has been thought that somebody ought to bid you welcome to-day; and that I am the man to do it. I am sure I do it most heartily; for I know that you will make a tip-top Superintendent. I've had my eye on you, sir, for a good while. You've been here every Sunday, rain or shine, mud or no mud; and you've had your scholar's heads clustered about yours like flies round a lump of sugar. What a fuss they made to-day, when it was announced that you were to be Superintendent! But I just flung up my hat, and told 'em we didn't want a man whom his class would just as soon give up as not. It takes a good teacher to make a good Superintendent, and *we* think we've got about the right thing in you. And so we mean to stand by you — we boys, and, of course, the girls will stand by us, and the old folks stand by the children *always*. So you see, you have the whole school to back you; and if you don't make it the best school in the country, it's your own fault. We expect you will, and we mean to help you.

ADDRESS OF WELCOME AFTER ABSENCE.

(*To be spoken by a young man.*)

Dear Pastor:

The older members of your flock have already congratulated you on your safe return, with re-invigorated health, and fresh fruits of experience and observation. I do not think, dear pastor, that they have missed you any more than we, or that they rejoice any more truly than we, that you are with us once again. And so we, dear pastor, claim the same privilege which the older folks have had, and say: "Welcome home!" Welcome to a Sunday-School which hasn't seemed quite like itself while you were away. Welcome to your old habits of visiting, not the old folks only, but the young people and the little children, from house to house and from class to class. Welcome to the privileges and responsibilities of your old office, and the honors of your old title: THE PASTOR WHO CARES FOR THE CHILDREN.

But while we bid you welcome, we would also give you fresh assurances of our hearty coöperation in that work on which you are about to enter with fresh zeal and earnestness

How much that work is worth to us, and how much it must cost you, we have learned during your absence. We want, dear pastor, to work with you and work for you, and thus give you a solid "Welcome home."

ADDRESS OF WELCOME AFTER ILLNESS.

(*To be spoken by a young lady.*)

Dear Mr. Blank:

I feel as if I could hardly control myself sufficiently to give expression to that joy and gratitude which we all feel in seeing you, once again, in your old place in the Sunday-School. You had made yourself so necessary to us, and had done so much to promote our happiness, that we all missed you very much during your illness. Indeed, we wondered, sometimes, how God could lay his hand on one who was so essential to the prosperity of our church and Sunday-School; and yet we felt that God had some wise and loving purpose in thus afflicting you and us. So we tried to say: "Father, thy will be done," even while we prayed: "Give us back our dear Superin-

tendent." We *did* pray for you, Mr. Blank, as we have not prayed in a long time; and we feel that God has heard and answered our prayers. We mean to pray for you still, and we mean to pray that the dear God who has given us back our Superintendent, will give us again the influence of his Holy Spirit, so that we may see God as we *have* seen him in His sanctuary. When you hear us offering that prayer, and see us working together to secure an answer, you will realize that we are, indeed, glad to welcome again our spiritual leader and guide.

ADDRESS OF WELCOME TO VISITING SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.

(*For the Superintendent or any teacher.*)

Dear Brethren;

We bid you a hearty welcome to our village, our homes, and our church. We rejoice, indeed, to be reminded by your presence that we are not fighting alone against vice and sin — that others hear with us the voice of the Captain of our Salvation, and are marshalled by our side, beneath his conquering banner. We rejoice, too, that we can

hardly fail to be the better both mentally and spiritually for the visit which you pay us. In the Sunday-School work, as in everything else, we are so apt to get into ruts — so apt to become hide-bound — that it is a real blessing to have an opportunity to compare methods of operation; to learn at once, and to unlearn.

We have not, dear brethren, much, if anything, to teach you. We "have a zeal of God" in this Sunday-School work, but we fear sometimes that it is "not according to knowledge" — so meagre are the results attained. We are willing, however, to submit our processes to your inspection. Possibly you may learn, even from us, something new. But we are far more willing to submit ourselves as learners to your larger experience and wider observation, and we expect to receive ten times as much as we impart.

That we may be blessed, however, either in receiving or imparting, we realize that there is necessary, (in addition to that fraternal spirit, of which we are already assured,) the presence and power of the Holy Spirit. We have felt that this want is too often ignored in our Sunday-School gatherings. Let us not, dear brethren, make this mistake to-day. In any event, you are welcome; but you will be

doubly welcome, should you bring with you the influence of the Highest; or should your presence among us call down showers of gracious rain on this thirsty harvest-field. We feel confident that we are to have an intellectual feast to-day. May we not hope for a spiritual feast, through all these coming days, as the result of this gathering? If so, our Sunday-School Convention will be the cause of devout thanksgiving to this church, and give fresh pæans to the very angels of God.

ON THE DEATH OF A TEACHER.

[To be recited at an annual festival, when a teacher has died during the preceding year. It can be altered to suit other occasions, by omitting or altering parts of it. If any one of the school should be very sick, and flowers be sent them, the last three verses may be used; otherwise, they must be omitted.]

I.

We are not *all* here; there is more than one
That I miss from our little band; [cheer,
I would they were here with their presence to
And receive a warm grasp of the hand;
But some have wandered away from home,
Though with us in spirit now, —

We will think of them as the evening wanes,
With a thoughtful heart and brow.

We are not *all* here; there is one, we know,
That has strayed from our earthly fold, —
One voice is hushed that we used to hear,
And the grass grows green o'er the quiet grave
Where they laid her low in the mould.

Perchance from her home in the unseen land,
Where her spirit has taken flight,
She is looking down on our little band
As we meet this summer night;
We may not know, for our earthly sight
Is dark, and doubtful, and drear, —
But we will not part till in every heart
There has risen a thought of her.

II.

We are not *all* here; there is one that lies
On a bed of sickness and pain,
But we trust that the merciful Father of all
Will raise him up again;

That the balmy breath of this summer day
May kindle new light in his eye; [way,
And the Angel of Death, as he speeds on his
May pass our dear friend by.

But if to the land where is no more pain,
His spirit shall wing its flight,
Our grief will breathe an odor as sweet
As the flowers we send him to-night.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL SPEAKER.

PRESENTATION OF A VASE OF ROSES.

[To be recited by one of three little girls, who advance together to the Pastor, bearing the gift.]

"Dear pastor, from our grateful hands
A simple token take, —
This little vase of summer flowers, —
Oh, prize it for our sake!

"And let it say to you each day,
Better than words may tell,
The reverent love we feel for Him,
Who loves the children well.

"Oh, be our guide through years to come,
And lead our willing feet
Along the road whose windings end
Where all God's children meet."

S. S. GAZETTE.

A PRESENTATION ADDRESS TO A PASTOR.

(*For a young lady.*)

Dear Pastor:

We feel that this season of gifts and congratulations ought not to pass without some token, however slight, of the estimation in which you are held by your Sunday-School. You know, already, that we love you; but we want to put our love, if possible, in tangible form. And so, to-night, we tender you this ———. We have tried to select something which shall be attractive, useful, and, above all, *personal* — something for *you*, and not for your good wife, whom we love as dearly as you, but to whom we are not making a present just now. We ask you to accept it and prize it, not for its intrinsic value, but as a token of our love — as a memento of those whom you have lead to Christ, and who will ever remember you as their Pastor of Pastors — as a slight recognition of the weary hours spent by you in the sick-chamber and by the dying-bed.

You needn't make a speech, dear Pastor. We know already what you would say; and, if you had not spoken already in those actions

which "speak louder than words," and thus proved yourself the Young People's Pastor, be assured we discriminating young folks should never have dreamed of making you a present.

A PRESENTATION ADDRESS TO A SUPERINTENDENT.

(*For a young man.*)

Mr. Superintendent:

We young folks think we know a live man when we see him. Moreover, we think that a live man is worthy of all honor. Still further we think that we have found *our* live man in you. During the past year, you have been at the head of our Sunday-School, and we can't see that the Sunday-School is any the worse for it. Indeed, we can hardly conceive where the Sunday-School would have been, but for you. What with these unruly boys here and the unruly men and women, yonder in the audience room, who think that the Sunday-School is of no particular account, you have had a pretty hard time of it; but pluck and grit and the Grace of God have carried you through, and the Sunday-School

still lives and means to live. For its free and generous life we are largely indebted to you; and, as a token of our recognition of that fact, permit me to present you this ———. Its intrinsic value is not great — not half what we wish it was; but if it serve to remind you in after years that when you were Superintendent of the ——— Sunday-School, we all loved you, it will answer the purpose for which we procured it.

A PRESENTATION ADDRESS TO A TEACHER.

Dear Teacher:

Your class desire to-day two things: Publicly, to acknowledge their appreciation of the faithful service which you have rendered them.

Privately, to remind you, by some tangible expression of their good will, of the love you have won from every heart.

They wish me, therefore, to tender you this ———, asking you to associate it forever with the names and faces of the donors. We are sure you will; for many of those who give it you have been led by you to Christ, and must

ne grouped around you at the last great day — just as they are here in this Sunday-School — when you say: "Lord, here am I, and the children whom thou hast given me."

THERE IS A TEETOTALER.

(This piece should be spoken by a spirited boy, and as he goes upon the stage, some one should cry out, "There's a teetotaler!")

Yes, sir, here *is* a teetotaler, from the crown of his head to the tips of his toes. I've got on teetotal boots, too, that never will walk in the way of a drunkard. The other day a man asked me about our Band of Hope. He wanted to know what use there is in making so many promises. I told him the use was in *keeping* the promises more than in *making* them.

The boys which belong to our Band have something to do besides loafing at the corners of the streets, and smoking the stumps of cigars they pick out of the gutters. It makes me sick to think of it!

Some boys are dreadfully afraid of losing their liberty, so they won't sign our pledge. I saw four or five of them the other day.

They had been off, somewhere, having what they call a jolly time; and they were so drunk they couldn't walk straight. They lifted their feet higher than a sober boy would to go upstairs, and I watched them till one fell down and bumped his nose. Thinks I to myself, there's liberty for you, but it's just such liberty as I don't want. I would rather walk straight than crooked, I would rather stand up than fall down, and I would rather go to a party with my sisters, and some other pretty girls, than hide away with a lot of rough fellows, to guzzle beer and whisky.

There are plenty of other reasons why I am a teetotaler. When I grow up, I would rather be a *man*, than a walking wine-cask or rum-barrel; I would rather live in a *good* house than a *poor* one, and I would rather be loved and respected than despised and hated.

Now, if these are not reasons enough for being a teetotaler, I will give you some more the next time we meet.

TAKE UP THE COLLECTION.

Little Boy on a chair.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: —
I am small, it is true, but great on the stump,
And I think that the managers knew it;
For they have a difficult work to do,
And I've been selected to do it.

You may talk to the HEAD and carry your point,
May appeal to the HEART and succeed;
But to speak to the POCKET and make it respond
Is a difficult work indeed.

Some speak for applause, and only applause,
And get what they work for (the scamps);
While I care for neither the clapping or cheers,
But I hope you'll come down with the STAMPS.

We've a load on our back you can lighten, if
You will add to the backs that bear it;
It's GREENBACKS we ask — you'll please GIVE us one,
If able and willing to spare it.

We KNOW that you will, for we've watched you to-night,

While you listened to speech and to song;
And knew, by the good-natured look of your face,
You were anxious to help us along.

Good-night, I RETIRE; to this I feel sure
That you've not the SLIGHTEST objection;
So I will get DOWN; the Committee get UP,
And WHEN UP will TAKE UP the collection.

ANNIVERSARY GEMS.

PART III.

Dialogues.

THE STRAY LAMB.

For three girls.

Lillie, (*holding a miniature lamb*). "This is a little lamb, and there are little lambs that skip about the fields; but I am the most precious little lamb of them all."

Mary (*an older child*). "Why, sister, you are not a little lamb at all.

Lillie. Yes, I am, the Bible says so.

Mary. Where?

L. "Feed my lambs." And then it tells somewhere besides, about the Lord's gathering little children in his bosom.

M. But, that is not saying they are lambs.

L. Well, any how, that is the way the shepherds do with their little lambs, when any of them are cold, or can't walk.

M. But you are not cold, and you can walk.

L. Well, now, I don't care, I *am* the Saviour's little lamb.

Sarah (*a larger girl.*) Yes, darling sister, you *are* the Saviour's precious lamb. Do you not remember the beautiful Psalm, "The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want, He maketh me to lie down in the green pastures; he leadeth me beside the still waters" Come sit on my knee, and let me tell you a dear little story about a lamb. He had the nicest pasture; he ran about among the grass, and nipped the tender blades, and was so glad and happy. But one day, as he was walking along the hedge that fenced in his lovely pasture, he saw a little hole in it. He thought I can creep through that. So first he put his nose through, then he pushed his body in. Oh, how the briars scratched him and tore his fleece off. But after a while he got through. Do you think he was happy then?

L. No, not a bit.

Sarah. No, he was not; he got lost and went bleating about, and looked so sorry and forlorn.

L. Poor little lamb!

S. Does Lillie know she is like that poor little lamb?

L. Why, sister Sarah! How?

S. Lillie has wandered away from the gentle Shepherd. Doesn't she remember she

did wrong to-day, and felt so unhappy? (*Lillie begins to cry.*)

M. Then Lillie *isn't* the Saviour's lamb, is she?

S. Did not that stray lamb belong to the Shepherd, and was not its true home in the pleasant pasture, just as much *after* it had strayed, as when it was there?

M. Why, yes — but — Oh, yes! but did the Shepherd go to look for it and bring it back?

S. He had a kind of a call that all his sheep and lambs had learned to know; so he went to the edge of the hedge and called several times in the day. Has not the Saviour a voice with which he calls his little lambs? Did not my little Lillie hear a gentle voice to-day, telling her, "Come back, little Lillie; do what is right?"

L. Yes, sister Sarah, but I was naughty, and would not listen.

S. So was that little lamb naughty. He heard the Shepherd call, but would not listen. On he went, gamboling over the uneven ground, and the Shepherd had to send a man after him to bring him back. He found him in a very dangerous place, too.

L. (*looking downcast*) And I would not

do right until *you* came to me and talked with me. Oh, *wasn't* I naughty!

S. I hope the good Shepherd has forgiven my little sister.

L. (*brightening.*) Oh, yes, I asked him to, and I think he has.

S. Well, be careful not to stray away from the fold, for some stray away so far they never get back.

(*Sarah kisses her two little sisters, and they leave.*)

S. S. Celebration Book.

HOW TO LEAD A CHILD TO GOD.

A dialogue for two girls and one little boy.

This scene is supposed to occur in the nursery. The young lady representing the mother is seated beside a small workstand, sewing.

Enter, at one side of the platform, the sister and brother, while the mother is singing. The sister puts her little brother's shoes on his feet, then brushes his hair and arranges his apron. He manifests impatience.

Sister. There, now you begin to look like yourself.

Little boy. I want my breakfast.

Sister. Well, be patient; we'll soon be ready.

Little Boy. I'm ready now.

Sister. No, I guess not. You forget one thing.

Little Boy. What is it?

Sister. Your prayers, brother.

Little Boy. I don't want to say my prayers.

Sister. Why, brother, that's naughty! You must say your prayers, like a good boy.

Little Boy. I won't say my prayers — I want my breakfast.

Sister. What will mother say? How can you give her your morning kiss?

Little Boy. (*Louder.*) I won't say my prayers! I won't say my prayers!

Sister. Those are very bad words, brother. But go to your mother.

(The little boy moves towards his mother, followed by his sister. He pauses a moment.)

Little Boy. Mother! (*She looks up, with a smile.*)

Mother. Good-morning, my son!

Little Boy. I'm going to my breakfast.

Mother. Stop a moment. I want you to come here and kiss me, first.

(The mother places her work on the stand; the boy runs to her, throws his arms around her neck, and kisses her.)

Mother. Are you pretty well, this morning?

Little Boy. Yes, mother; I'm very well.

Mother. I'm glad you are.

Little Boy. Are you well, mother?

Mother. Yes, my son; and when I awoke this morning, and found that I was well, I thanked God for taking care of me.

Little Boy. Did you?

Mother. Yes. I felt that he deserved my praise.

(He rests his head upon her shoulder — conscience is at work.)

Mother. (*After a moment's silence.*) Did you ever feel my pulse?

Little Boy. No, but I've felt mine.

Mother. Well, feel mine now (*placing his finger on her wrist*). How it goes, beating! Do you feel it?

Little Boy. Yes. (*Slowly pronounced.*)

Mother. If it should stop beating, I should die.

Little Boy. Would you?

Mother. Yes; and I can't keep it beating.

Little Boy. Can't you?

Mother. No, my dear.

Little Boy. Who can?

Mother. God! and — no — one — else!

(A short silence ensues.)

Mother. You have a pulse, too, which beats in your bosom, and in your arms, and all over you. It is the throbbing of your heart.

Every time the heart throbs it looks to God, and seems to ask Him, "Shall I beat again?" Nobody but God can keep it beating. If He should not take care of you, who could?

Little Boy. I don't know.

Mother. So, when I awoke this morning, I thought I would ask God to take care of me. I hope He will take care of me, and of us all.

Little Boy. Did you ask Him to take care of *me?*

Mother. Of you, by name? No!

Little Boy. Why not?

Mother. Because I thought you would ask Him yourself, as I have taught you to do. God likes to have us all ask for ourselves.

(Another pause ensues. The little boy bursts into tears, and hides his face in his mother's lap.)

Mother. Don't you think you had better ask Him for yourself?

Little Boy. Yes, mother!

(He kneels at his mother's feet, and repeats the Lord's Prayer, in a clear, distinct voice; after which mother, sister and brother unite in singing.

ANNIVERSARY SPEAKER.

TEMPTATION RESISTED.

CHARACTERS.

JOHN. WILLIAM. RICHARD.

(JOHN seated with an open book before him.)

John, (*looking up from a book, and speaking as if reciting a lesson.*) "A conjunction connects the words or sentences between which it stands." "Rule fifteenth." (*Looks on book.*) Oh no! it's Rule fourteenth. Oh, I never *can* get these rules right! How I do hate grammar! If I could only stay away from school on the days when we have grammar, I wouldn't care one pin for the other days. "*Rule fourteen*, a conjunction connects the words and sentences between which it stands." [*Looks on book.*] "The principal conjunctions are, neither, nor, either, or, whether, though, yet, if, then, both, and, not, only, but, also, as, so, that." [*Looks off book.*] "The principal conjunctions are, neither, nor, or, whether, very, well——" No; those are adverbs. Oh, I shall never learn it; I wish Tuesday and Friday were holidays.

Enter William.

William, (*in a low tone.*) John! whist! John!

John, (*looking round.*) Hullo!

William. Hush! don't holler that way. Anybody round?

John. Why, what's the mystery?

William. See here, John, I'm going off skating, and I want you to come, too.

John. Oh, that's too bad! Mother's just gone to market, and father's off to the store an hour ago. There is nobody to give me a holiday.

William. Oh come along! the frost last night will make the ice splendid.

John. Did your father say you might go?

William. I didn't ask him.

John. Who gave you permission to go?

William. Nobody. Mother said I could go Saturday. Saturday, indeed! and it may be as warm as Fourth of July before then.

John, (*smiling.*) Hardly probable.

William. Well, warm enough to spoil the skating, any how. Come along, won't you? The ice is perfectly splendid. Have you skates?

John. Yes; a new pair uncle sent me at Christmas. I've never had a chance to try them yet.

William. Well, now's your chance!

John. Oh, father won't let me go, I am

sure, even if I had time to go to the store and ask him.

William. Go without asking him.

John. He would be very angry.

William. He would never know.

John. But if he were to ask me?

William. Oh, you can slide round it, somehow.

J. Tell father a lie?

W. There is no use calling things by such rough names. You could easily evade the question.

J. A lie is intentional deception, so in this case, evasion would be a lie, as much as a directly false statement.

W. Oh, pshaw! a little fibbing don't hurt anybody.

J. It would hurt *me!* The Bible makes a *liar* as great a sinner as a murderer or thief.

W. Oh, come along, John. You can finish your sermon as we walk down to the pond. It is such a splendid day, and it is ten chances to one your father never asks you anything about being at school.

J. (*aside.*) And I don't half know that grammar lesson.

W. Come!

J. Is the ice very good. Will?

W. Smooth as glass, and firm as the ground.

J. It is a splendid day.

W. Magnificent!

J. I never played truant in my life.

W. Oh, nonsense! All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy.

J. But I don't have *all* work. Father never denies us any pleasure we want in holiday-time, and there are Saturdays, and recess, and oh, lots of time out of school!

W. But to-day is just made for skating!

J. There will be other days. I guess I'll wait until Saturday, Will.

W. But it will be so stupid to go alone.

J. Then wait too.

W. And have the ice all gone? It is getting late, and we have had such a mild winter, that there's been scarcely any skating since Christmas.

J. (*sighing.*) I know it!

W. And you'll outgrow your new skates, perhaps, before another winter.

J. (*sighing again.*) Very likely!

W. And it's grammar day, too, and you hate grammar.

J. I do just *hate* it!

W. With an awful page of parsing from Paradise Lost.

J. Oh, Will, horrible!

W. So come along, that's a good fellow.

J. (*hesitating.*) I wonder if father ever *would* find it out?

W. Never. He won't bother about to-day, of all days in the year.

J. I've half a mind to risk it. (*Goes slowly towards the door.*) Wait till I get my skates.

W. Hurry up, then!

J. (*standing irresolute near the door.*) I— I— (*Suddenly returning,*) I won't go!

W. (*sneering.*) Afraid!

J. Yes; I am afraid to make myself feel like a sneak! I am afraid to know that I am deceiving and disobeying the kindest and best father in the world! I am afraid to print the word *truant* on my conscience; with *liar*, perhaps, to keep it company! I am afraid to say my prayers to-night, knowing I have a willful sin upon my conscience. Yes, William, I *am afraid* to go!

W. (*angrily.*) Stay then! No thanks to you for keeping me an hour, making up your mind! [*Goes out.*]

J. William! William! Don't go off angry, there's a good fellow! He don't hear me. Heigho! What a splendid time he will have!

But this won't learn my grammar lesson. [*Sits down to study.*]

Enter Richard.

Richard. Ready for school, John?

J. (*without looking up.*) Almost!

R. (*aside.*) Oh, if he would only hurry! Father won't allow us to interrupt study, unless there is a positive necessity for it. [*Fidgets about the room, looking at the books, drumming on the window and whistling.*]

J. Do be still, Dick, like a good fellow, or I'll never get these conjunctions into my head.

R. (*aside.*) There soon will be a positive necessity for it. If I don't tell him, I'll burst!

J. (*closing book with a snap.*) There! I know that perfectly at last.

R. John! I've got something splendid to tell you. Mother's just come in, and she met uncle in the street, on his way here to take us to try our new skates at Mill Creek.

J. Splendid! Now?

R. No; he is to call for us at school, at twelve o'clock, and we are to have a half-holiday.

J. Oh, Dick, if I had not been to school!

R. Why, what should keep you away?

J. I'll tell you as we walk along.

R. Cousin George is going too; that will

just fill the carryall, and Aunt Jane is going to send our dinner in a basket. Get your skates, now, John, for we are none too early to start for school.

J. I am ready. Come! (*Aside.*) What a lesson! I will tell Dick as we walk along. [*Both go out.*]

FROST'S DIALOGUES FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

THE BOOK OF THANKS.

Albert. There, I feel so vexed and out of patience with Ben, that I really must —

Clara. Do something to injure him?

A. Oh, no: that is not what I was going to say, — but that I must look over my "Book of Thanks."

C. Book of Thanks! what sort of a book is that I would like to know?

A. Here it is [*taking a small book from his pocket*], and I will read some from it if you would like to have me.

C. I certainly should. Please read.

A. "March 8th — Ben lent me his new hat." "When I lost my shilling Ben found it for me." "June 30th. — Ben invited me to go and eat some cherries in his father's gar-

den." So, after all, Ben is a pretty good boy.

C. Why, Albert, what do you write in your book?

A. All the acts of kindness that are ever shown me, — and you would wonder how many there are. I find much good from writing them down. I do not forget them as I might do if I only trusted to my memory; so I hope I am not often ungrateful; and when I am cross, or out of temper, I almost always feel pleasant again if I only look over my book.

C. I wonder what sort of things you put down. Will you let me see it, Albert?

A. Certainly, Clara. [*Passing the book*].

C. [*Takes it and reads.*] "Amos Kindly asked me to spend the day with him, and did all he could to make my visit pleasant."

"Mrs. Day gave me some nice peaches."

"Freddie Churchill asked after me when I was sick, and came to see me when I was getting better."

And I see you put "father and mother" at the *top* of every page. Why is that, Albert?

A. Oh, they are so good to me, and do so much for me, that I cannot put it all down, and so I just write their names to remind me of their constant care and goodness. I know

that I can never repay them. Read what I have put at the beginning of the book.

C. (*Reads.*) "Every good gift is from above."

A. That is to remind me that I owe thanks to God for all the blessings I enjoy.

C. Well, Albert, I am much pleased with your book and its object. I will ask my mother to get a blank-book for me, and then I will keep a "Book of Thanks," too.

S. S. SPEAKER.

ON EXAGGERATION.

(Harry comes limping on the stage.)

William. Why, Harry, what's the matter?

Harry. Oh, I've broken my toe off, I believe!

W. I'm very sorry; but what is that you have in your hand?

H. An apple; the largest apple I ever saw!

W. It is large, but I think I've seen as large ones before.

H. Oh, Will! if you had seen some of the apples at Uncle's this summer; they were, well, I guess so large — (*measuring with his hands.*)

W. Monstrous! why didn't you say as large as the moon.

H. Oh, I had a glorious time there, Will. Uncle lives away out in the country, and it takes forever to get there; but I tell you it pays to go.

W. Why, I don't see what time for enjoyment one can have there, if it takes forever to reach the place.

H. Well, not that exactly, but I rode three hours in a stage, and was just tired to death.

W. I shouldn't think that paid very well. But what did you do there?

H. Oh, I did every thing you can imagine.

W. What! did you walk a tight rope to the moon?

H. Ridiculous! no.

W. Why, I can imagine that, I am sure.

H. Well, I didn't do that exactly, but I did everything else.

W. Tell us what.

H. Well, Uncle has a horse, the most magnificent fellow in the world — *so* large, I guess he's nine feet high! I used to ride him all the time.

W. My! I never heard of such a horse.

H. Then he has another, a little, wee pony, only so high — (*measuring with his hand.*) I rode him, too.

W. I thought you said you rode the other all the time.

H. Well, not that exactly, but I rode him two or three times. Then we went fishing a great deal. Oh, the biggest fish we caught!

W. Did you catch a whale?

H. Pshaw, no. But I just wish you could have seen one perch that I caught; oh, it was that long — (*showing how long.*)

W. Well, "Uncle's" must be a wonderful place.

H. It is, I tell you. But Will, they have a grand fish pond in their garden — oh, it is immense!

W. How long? Long as Lake Erie?

H. Oh no. The garden is not larger than this church.

W. Do you call that immense?

H. Well, not that exactly, but it is very large.

W. Did you read any while you were there.

H. Oh yes. Uncle has a splendid library I read all the time.

W. What did you read?

H. Oh, I can't remember. Piles of books; one "Glen-Morris' story," one "Whispers for Boys," "Household Words,"—well,—I guess that was all.

W. Not a very large pile after all. By the way, how is your toe that was *broken off?* It has recovered remarkably soon, I think.

H. Well, I did hurt it. But Will, you must go up there with me some time. We will have some of the grandest fun you ever heard of — tear the old house to pieces before we get through.

(*Enter Charles.*)

Charles. Stop, Harry. I think you had better find out whether uncle is willing before you invite company to engage in such furious assaults upon his property. I've been listening to the account you have been giving Will of our visit in the country, and I must say I have hardly known whether to be amused or grieved.

H. Why, what's the matter?

C. I wish you could have listened as I did, to your own stories. How would it sound to you to hear me tell of a horse nine feet high, another about two feet, and that I rode one all the time, and the other all the time, too? There must be some property bestowed upon you, not common to mortals.

H. Well, Charley, you know I did not mean that exactly.

C. Then what would uncle think if he should hear his fish pond called "immense," when it is only three or four feet in diameter, and contains only a few gold fish? As to the fish we caught in the lake, I suppose they were about the usual size. I guess if Will should accept your invitation, he would be a little disappointed when he saw the reality.

H. Well, Charley, I'm sure I didn't mean to tell any falsehoods.

C. I know, Harry, you would not tell an intentional untruth for the world, but indeed, this habit of exaggeration leads you very near it.

H. I expect it is wrong, but to save me I cannot help it.

C. That is another exaggeration. To save yourself from death or danger you could and would, I'm very sure, and to save yourself I'm sure you *must.*

H. I forget when I'm talking. I declare, sometimes I do try, but the words come out before I think.

C. The Bible says we must set a guard at the door of our lips. Seriously, brother Harry, I think you ought to try very hard to overcome this habit, and ask Divine grace to help you. You mean no harm, and yet you do

harm. The Saviour once said, "Let your communication be yea, yea, and nay, nay, for whatsoever is more than this cometh of evil." He may not have referred directly to this, but I think the words will apply well in this case.

H. Well, Charley, you take a serious view of the matter; perhaps you are right. At any rate, I will try to remember to guard my speech hereafter. Though I expect I shall "shed barrels and barrels of tears" over my fault before it is mended.

S. S. Celebration Book.

BIG AND LITTLE.

Tommy. 'Taint any use trying, Dave. My big kite won't go up. I've tried it fifty times. It is ten feet high and six feet wide, and seems to me the thing wants forty feet of tail!

David. Why do you try to make it so large? I'd rather have a *little* kite that will *go*, than a *big* one that *won't*.

T. Why? why? Can't you see? Who wants to be one of the common fry, with things just like other folks? Baby Smith and Shorty Jones, and the whole tribe of little

fellows in town have got 'em all just alike — cut by the same pattern; just so much string and so much tail, so long and so wide, (*suit the action to the words;*) and all one color. *I* want something original, *I* do! *I* don't sail in your common scow. I'll paddle my own canoe, and a big one at that!

D. Just so! But don't their kites sail? Can't they put them up?

T. Of course they can. Anybody can make one of them common things go up, wind or no wind. But I'll make 'em stare when I get my ten-footer started once; just let me get it up, and then look out for the locomotive when the whistle blows. Why half-a-dozen boys can swing on the cord at once!

D. Just so! when you get it up. But who is going to hold it for you when it is up. Your big locomotive kite will run away with *you* — lift you right off your feet in a twinkling. Those little ones you have been sneering at are all you can hang on to. Who is going to manage your ten-footer, Tommy?

T. *I* am, greeny! But I don't bother about that. Any how, I've got the biggest kite in town, if it *don't* go, and that's something, ain't it?

D. Just so! You've built a great, un-

gainly thing, that goes up as high as you poke it, with its tail dragging on the ground. 'Taint a kite after all your fuss, for a kite flies! and while you've been bothering and stewing over this "big thing," I've had my "sky-scraper" up a dozen times. I say you've spread yourself out too big — you've got too many eggs in your nest to bring out many chickens.

T. Too big! too big! There ain't anything too big. 'Tis your *little* things I despise. I'm never going to do a little thing in my life — I'll crowd it full of big things. I am going to astonish the people with something worth looking at, or nothing!

D. Just so! But more frequently the latter, I suppose. It's my notion that your big things have got to grow out of little ones.

T. You're smart, *you* are! If I want a big kite I've got to make a little one, and then plant it, and let it grow, eh?

D. Just so! You must first try the little ones, till you get hold of the whole idea of a kite, and then you can mount your Great Eastern, perhaps!

T. Hang your little kite! I never made one, and never will. I've got a soul above little mean things.

D. Just so! I hope you are above *mean* things. But that's just the idea I want to pound into your dull head. *Little* things ain't mean things, I can tell you.

T. Don't see it! Who wants to splutter over little things? Nobody sees 'em — nobody cares for 'em. It's your big guns that make a tremendous noise — that do a land-office business, and astonish the natives. That's me! I'm in for *sensation!*

Enter Sharp.

Sharp. Hallo, Tommy! What are you so excited about; seems to me you look a little mad?

Tommy. Little mad! I tell you I hate little things — I'm *big* mad, or nothing. Dave don't seem to have a soul above buttons. He wants me to stoop to *little* things — I go in for *big* ones!

S. Well, I guess he is more than half right. *You* are little enough, and that is some comfort. There's room enough for you to grow. You never saw a tree shoot out of the ground full size; all your large things are made up of little things. Why, our largest houses in the town are made up of little

bricks, and little boards, and little nails. Little things are the seeds of great things!

David. Just so! That's what I tell him. Who wants to be an overgrown do-nothing, like the fat woman at the museum, or the six hundred pound queen of an African prince?

S. You don't want an Elephant, Tommy, to draw an apple-cart. What we need, is to have the right thing in the right place; and, if little things, well used, will do the work, what more do you want?

T. And so you want me to settle down into nothing but a little cog in a big wheel, do you?

S. Yes, Tommy, if a cog is your place. Better a little cog in its place doing its proper work, than a big block of wood stopping the whole machine. There are too many blockheads already.

D. Just so. You had better give in, Tommy. Take down your ten footer, and be satisfied with a kite suited to your string and strength. Why, it would require a rope and Samson at the end, to fly your kite.

T. I hate to give in, that's a fact: but you seem to have the best of the argument. Come with me, boys, and we'll turn the old ten-footer into a dozen kites that will *go*.

D. Just so! Hurrah for the great *littles* — the large *mites* that can make many kites! I'm with you now. Come, Sharp, let's help him now.

ANNIVERSARY SPEAKER.

THE ART OF LYING; OR, "BARGAINS."

For three boys.

George. John, I saw an advertisement down the street, "The best silk neck-ties for thirteen cents." Let's go get some; they must be a bargain; and I need a neck-tie badly!

John. A bargain! Fudge! just as all such things are bargains.

G. Well, if it isn't, I can soon tell. It takes me to make bargains.

J. Yes, and it takes you and anybody else, to get cheated, too, now-a-days.

G. I cheated? *After this*, I reckon. Come along; I'll show you.

They walk along. Here's the store — don't be afraid. Come in!

Another boy stands at a table — George addresses him. Have you silk neckties?

Charles. Yes, we have; excellent ones for thirteen cents. (*Hands him one.*) All silk, just imported from France.

George examines it, apparently fringing out a little at the end. Says aside to John —

It is not all silk by any means; but it is a very good thing; fully worth twenty-five cents, any how; but I'll Jew him down. (*Says aloud to storekeeper.*) This is not all silk, by any means. I'll give you nine cents for it.

C. Couldn't sell it for that price — paid eleven for it.

G. Well, I don't care to buy it now — we'll leave it — (*makes a move to go.*)

C. I'll tell you what I'll do; I'll let you have it for what it cost me — eleven cents.

G. Well, that will be splitting the difference, exactly. I'll take it. (*He takes it, and the two boys walk off in conversation.*)

C. Didn't I tell you it took me to make a bargain?

J. Yes; but if *I* had done it, I should have felt I had bargained away my honor; and that is worth considerably more to me than a neck-tie, or saving four cents.

G. Why, what have I done dishonorable? I told no lies.

J. I think you did. You made the store-

keeper think you did not consider it worth more than nine cents, when you really thought it worth twenty-five, and you pretended you did not care to buy the cravat, when you had told me you wanted one badly.

G. Pshaw! that's all in the way of business. Every business man does such things as that. Why, I know plenty of members of the church who do such things every day, both in buying and selling. I tell you, they are not lies, they are only business transactions.

J. What is the chief element in criminal falsehood?

G. An intention to deceive, I suppose; but men needn't *be* deceived.

J. *That* don't make any difference. The *intention* to deceive is there. The lies that are acted in the shop, the office, and the counting-room, are like the stars of heaven or the sand of the sea shore for number.

G. Oh, you're an old fogy.

J. No; I am a *Bible* boy. I believe in "putting away all lying," so that we may "speak every man truth to his neighbor."

G. You would never make a business man. You'd have to go to the alms-house.

J. Well, I would rather do that, than send so many people to their graves, as business

men do by their practical lying. A few years since, upon calculation, it was found there were not cows enough in and about the city of London, to give each resident more than a spoonful a day of pure milk! Who can tell what sort of vile stuff was mixed with it? Each drop of water, or mixture of any kind, was a *lie!*

G. A mighty pile of them you would raise at that rate.

J. Yes, a pile that will reach fearfully far into eternity.

G. Oh, stop!

J. No; I am not done yet. Our English cousins are no worse than we. Our milkmen imitate them, and they are imitated by others. The grocer sells us ground *coffee*, but by the famous art of lying, he turns old peas, beans, and turnips, into coffee.

G. High! that's the reason I can't get any decent coffee to drink now-a-days.

J. Tea is twice adulterated; once in China, and once in this country. Your candies, young man, have plenty of poison in them.

G. You frighten me!

J. I wish I could — into honesty. Indeed we can hardly assure ourselves that our daily

bread, or our needful medicine, will not be the death of us. Is it right?

G. I can't say that it is.

J. Well, that kind of lying is helped on by the kind you practised a while ago. Buyers depreciate, and will not pay a good price. Sellers, to "fix them," make their goods even with the prices given. And so David's assertion comes pretty nearly true, "All men are liars."

G. You will stop *my* chuckling over "bargains," if you keep on.

J. If you had attended to your Bible, you would have stopped long ago. "Lying lips are an abomination unto the Lord," and so are "divers weights and divers measures." But Solomon pictures *you* out handsomely in Proverbs,, "It is naught, it is naught, saith the buyer, but when he is gone his way, then he boasteth."

G. But you don't think it is wrong to tell *political* lies, do you? It seems as if we can't possibly help that. And a fellow is not to be blamed for what he can't help!

J. All the reply I have to make to that is, "*All* liars shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone."

G. Fire and brimstone! It is awful! I

tell you, you won't catch me in any lies after this. The greatest fire-eater of the south may get to the White House, before I'll prevent it by falsehood. I am totally convinced; thank you, John. Good night!

S. S. Celebration Book.

YOUTHFUL ADVOCATES OF TEMPERANCE.

Scene —In front of a country schoolhouse.

Arthur. I say, Joe, father got back from the Legislature last night. Don't you wish you had a father in the Legislature?

Joe. I dunno. My pa says the Legislature's made up of a lot o' thieves.

A. That's 'cause he can't go himself, ain't it?

J. Guess he could if he should try as hard as your pa did. He can do 'most anything.

A. Except elect himself, Joe. The people do the voting. Father's going back to-morrow. He says he must be back to vote for the anti-liquor bill, or some such thing. It's to keep folks from selling other folks whiskey and things. "A prohibitionary measure." I b'lieve he calls it.

J. Yes, I know. I heard pa talking about it yesterday. He said if we didn't have some such thing all the boys would grow up drunkards; but *I* won't, any way. I'll *never* drink whiskey, nor brandy, nor wine, nor any such thing.

A. Good for you, Joe! Here's my hand on that, and let's stick to it. Father says the Legislature can't do much to help Temperance any way. He says they may legislate and legislate till doomsday, and the men 'll die drunkards just the same. It's the *temperance principle* that the world wants, he says, more than any temperance *laws*. I heard him talking to mother about it last night. We can do more for the community," said he, "by helping the young to form habits of total abstinence than by making laws all our life."

J. What is "total abstinence," Arthur?

A. Don't you know? Why, it's letting all sorts of liquor alone — not taking a drop.

J. Then we're Total Abstinence boys, ain't we?

A. Of course we are. We'll be *so*, too, until we become Total Abstinence *men*.

H. (*coming up*). What's that about Total Abstinence men, boys? Who's fool enough to preach Total Abstinence?

A. Wiser folks than you preach it, and practice it, too.

H. Humph! What's the reason a man shouldn't drink a little once in a while, if he wants to?

A. Because of the danger that he may soon drink a little *twice* in a while, and that's what makes drunkards.

H. Sho! My father ain't a drunkard, and he drinks when he's a mind to. So 'll I, when I'm a man. He says Total Abstinence is a humbug, and so do I. (*Moves away*).

A. I tell you, Joe, *Harry's* learning bad lessons. He thinks his father ain't a drunkard just because he don't lie around in the corners of the fences, like old Billy Bunn, but I'm thinking his father's example is worse than old Billy's. You see nobody would think of doing as Billy does; but father says it's doing as Harry Gray's father does that leads to the other. Father found Mr. Gray in the street t'other night too drunk to get along, and had to help him home. Harry don't know that. Father says he knew old Billy twenty years ago, when he was as promising a young man as there was in the county. If he'd been a Total Abstinence boy he might have been Governor now.

J. Suppose all the boys were Total Abstinence boys, where would the drunkards come from?

A. There wouldn't *be* any. 'Cause you see Total abstinence boys would be pretty certain to be Total abstinence men, and the drunkards would all die off before long. What a world this world would be, without any drunkards in it? I read in a paper yesterday, that drinking makes 'most all the misery and crime there is.

J. Let's start a temperance society and get all the boys into it.

A. A good idea, Joe. We'll call it the Young Abstainers, and we'll have every boy become a member. There come half-a-dozen of 'em now. We'll go and talk it up. Three cheers for the young abstainers! Hip — hip — come on.

(They rush briskly away.)

PROF. A. A. HOPKINS.

"HONOR THY FATHER AND THY MOTHER."

[CHARACTERS. — FRANK AND HARRY.]

Frank. Well, Harry Locke, where are you going in such a hurry?

Harry. I have got an errand to do at the grain store.

F. Who for? the governor?

H. No, sir. Did you think I was in Governor Claflin's employ?

F. What a fellow you are! I mean Jedediah.

H. Jedediah who?

F. Locke, of course, your old man; did he send you? Seems to me that you are obtuse this morning.

H. And I hope I shall continue to be obtuse, Frank Jenkins, if it prevents my being disrespectful to my father.

F. Pho! where's the harm? I always call my dad, "old man."

H. And your mother, "old woman"?

F. Yes. Sometimes I call her Dorothy Jane.

H. I'm sorry Frank, that you have got into this habit; it's a very foolish, if not a very wicked one.

F. How do you make that out?

H. Well, in the first place, what do your father and mother say when you speak of them so?

F. Oh, I don't call them so when they are around.

H. Why not?

F. Because, it would make 'em mad.

H. That shows that you think they would not approve of it; so you feel that it is wrong to speak so, — am I not right, Frank?

F. I don't see why they should care.

H. How old is your father, Frank?

F. Thirty-eight.

H. And your mother about the same, I suppose. Then you see it is not true to call them "old man," and "old woman;" but the chief objection is, that it is disrespectful and unkind.

F. You said that it was wicked.

H. So I did, and I will tell you why. The Bible tells us to "Honor our father and mother;" it is one of the Ten Commandments; and you know as well as I that it is not honoring them when we give them nicknames, or treat them as we do playmates of our own age. It is a thoughtless habit, Frank, and half the boys that use it do not stop to

think how unkind it is to those who love them best. They learn it from rowdy and vulgar boys, as they learn other silly slang.

F. I suppose you are right, Harry. The fact is, I never thought anything about it; but now you remind me that I did learn it first of Sam Maxwell, and he isn't much of a fellow. It is mean to speak disrespectfully of a good father and mother, and I am glad you said what you have, Harry; you're a sensible fellow, and I'll go along with you to the grain store.

H. Thank you, Frank; I am very glad you think I'm right; some boys would have laughed at me, and called me a "parson," or something of that sort, but I am sure that you will be glad that you left off the low habit. [*Exeunt.*]

WILLIAM L. WILLIAMS.

TINTYPES.

[Characters. — six girls: Sarah, Mary, Hannah, Lizzie, Phœbe, and Anna.]

Scene. — Sarah and Mary on the stage.
[Enter Hannah.]

Sarah. We have been looking for you this half hour. Have you just returned from town?

Hannah. Yes; I stayed to let the children get their tintypes taken.

Mary. Why didn't they come back with you?

H. They waited for the pictures, and are coming next car. How wonderful it is that we can get such good little pictures so easily!

S. And the price! One hundred for a dollar. I do not wonder so many are taken!

M. Neither do I. The last time I was in town, I happened to be passing along Main Street, by the photograph rooms where those frames full of tintypes hang. Sarah was with me, and exclaimed, "Oh, what a mass of faces!" as we glanced up at them. I almost shuddered.

H. I know what the feeling was.

M. There were only a few hundred in each frame, I suppose ?

H. No, and if one is overwhelmed by the massing of a few hundred pictures like those, what would it be to us if we could see at one glance all the faces in the world ?

M. I have often thought of that, when I have seen a large crowd. We should be like the Queen of Sheba, when she saw the glory of King Solomon. "And there was no more spirit in her." Then to think of all that have ever been !

S. It is like trying to comprehend the length of eternity to think of so many !

M. Yes, what a multitude !

H. What a lot of comical faces there would be among them !

S. What a lot of ugly ones !

M. What a lot of handsome ones !

H. Of grave, serious ones !

S. Of benevolent and kind ones !

H. Of brilliant and dull ones !

M. Of sorrowful and glad ones !

H. Of gentle and meek ones !

M. Of savage and cross ones !

H. Oh, dear, there would be no end of them !

M. And what a picture-gallery they would make !

S. But, girls, according to what I have read, there is just such a picture-gallery. There is a theory, held by some distinguished men, that impressions are made of all we do, say, and know, and of course of all that we are, on the things about us, on the clouds, and on the ground, and on everything.

M. Yes, I have read it, and perhaps in the future life we shall see all these pictures. Angels will see them, and God will.

H. Perhaps that is God's Book of Remembrance spoken of in the Bible. I think I've heard somebody say so.

M. We get almost lost thinking of these things.

[Enter Phœbe, Anna, and Lizzie, with tintypes.]

Lizzie. We've got home. Where's mother?

Phœbe. We've come. Here are my tintypes. [*Holds them up.*]

Anna. [*With a long breath.*] Such a good time! Where's mother?

Lizzie, Phœbe, Anna. We've come.

H. I should think we might know you'd come, without any formal announcement of it.

L. The cars were crowded full!

P. So full I had to stand up all the way.

A. Yes, crowded full, and a man in trying to go out, stepped right on my foot.

L. Here, see my tintypes. [*Shows them.*]

P. Look at Anna's first.

A. He put my head up so I think my chin sticks out.

P. See mine, Sarah.

L. [*Looking hers over.*] One of mine's got scratched.

M. I think they are very good. Anna, I don't think that your chin "sticks out," as you call it. It is a sweet picture of you. [*Kisses her.*]

P. I wish I could take pictures. Don't ladies ever learn to take them? I mean to be a tintype-taker.

S. You take more pictures than you are aware of now.

H. And have more taken of you than you know about, if what we have been talking about is true.

P. Well, I should like to know how it is done.

S. Do you know how these pictures were taken?

A. *I* do. The artist got the tincard ready, and put it in the instrument, and then we sat down and he placed us right. Then he slipped up the slide, and in a moment we were *took*. He slipped down the slide, and carried the picture into his closet to finish it.

S. You have left out the most important part.

H. Your getting *took* was what Sarah meant you should explain.

A. Oh, I don't know how that was! Do you, Hannah?

H. Yes, the tincard was prepared so that light would change the chemical on it, and a lens placed so as to concentrate the rays of light reflecting from your face. This changed the chemical, and left your image. He put down the slide so as not to let any more light on it, and took it into his dark closet to wash it over and make the impression stay.

P. Well, I should like to know how the light from my whole face could steer right into the little round hole in the box of his instrument. I should think it would scatter all over the room around me.

H. It does go all over the room, but light never scatters. It goes in direct lines, and when these rays get to the lens, that brings them together so as to form an image.

M. If there were arranged instruments all around you, the rays of light from your face would make an image in every one of them. [*During this Lizzie and Anna are looking closely in each other's eyes.*]

L. I can see a tintype of me in each of Anna's eyes!

S. Pick it out.

M. Both of you shut your eyes, and tell me if you cannot then see a picture of each other. [*Shut eyes*].

Lizzie and Anna together. No, I can't.

M. What, Anna, can't you tell me just how Lizzie looks? It isn't a minute since you saw her. You can tell me almost as well as if you were looking at her.

A. Oh, yes, I can do that! She has her hair combed up, and has a ribbon over her net. I can tell just how she looks.

M. Well, Lizzie, can't you see just how Anna looks?

L. Yes, I can see her hair, and her eyes, her red cheeks, and her lips; I can think just how she smiles with her eyes shut up, and her tintypes in her hand.

A. And I can see your eyes shut up. I can see your dress and all.

M. Well, then, you have pretty good photographic instruments in your minds haven't you? [*Open eyes.*]

Lizzie and Anna. I never thought of that.

A. But, Mary, the pictures won't stay.

M. Oh! but they do stay as long as you

remember. Shut your eyes again. [*They do so.*] Can't you see it all again?

Anna and Lizzie. Yes.

M. Well, then, the pictures stay. Only as we forget do they fade out.

P. And so everybody that sees us and remembers us has got a photograph of us in his brain! How funny!

H. Yes, and work done there is very much like the artist's work. The eye has a lens, and makes the picture on the retina, which is like the tincard. If that were all, the picture would disappear when the object was taken away, as the photograph would if the artist did not take it to the dark closet to finish it. But the nerve of the eye takes the picture, and carries it into the brain, as an artist to his dark closet. It is there made permanent, and this is memory.

P. How is it when we forget?

M. The picture fades out, as our photographs do, when the artist does not finish them up well.

S. So the pictures of us are being taken all the time. Yes, every moment, when we are cross, and when we are pleasant-looking; and this shows us the importance of having on a pleasant expression, not once in a while, but always.

H. We are always careful to have on a neat dress when we go to have our pictures taken, and we want to put on our best looks.

A. Yes, the artist tells us, when he is ready, "Now put on your pleasantest expression."

S. A picture made on a card or plate will last long after we are dead, and it is dreadful to think of leaving a picture that has on it a cross or ugly look; but how much more to think we are making hundreds and hundreds of pictures on the minds of others that will last perhaps forever! I think this is a reason why we should always try to look our best.

M. Yes, and in order to look our best it is necessary to feel our best, for the artist always tells us to look natural too. We cannot always be sure of looking our best unless we have within us good tempers, sweet dispositions, and pleasant feelings.

L. I never thought of that before.

P. I went to school feeling cross this morning, and I presume I made more than twenty pictures on people's minds, looking just so.

L. And I "got mad" at recess, and there must be ever so many pictures of me, just as I looked, on the minds of the girls!

A. Mary Brown made a good one. Her mother was too poor to give her money to go with us and get her tintype taken; but I saw her, after school this morning, comforting little Freddie Jones, who had fallen down and hurt him, and she had such a pleasant expression! I have a picture of her just as she looked, and it is far more beautiful than these we had taken.

P. Well, I never will look cross again!

L. I never will get mad again!

Sarah and Mary. Good resolutions, girls.

H. Good enough for us older ones to copy, I think. Tintypes teach lessons as well as lilies of the field.

LORING'S SUNDAY SCHOOL SPEAKER.

LITTLE THINGS.

[CHARACTERS. — ESTHER AND PAUL.]

PAUL, just laying aside a book.

Paul. How I do wish I was a man!

Esther. You will be some day, if you keep on growing.

P. But I want to be a man now, this minute.

E. My! What a hurry you are in! Why?

P. Because I want to be something great, useful and good, like the men in the book I was just reading.

E. Those men were all little boys once, Paul.

P. But sister, do you think they ever did anything very *useful* when they were little boys?

E. I think it very likely, Paul, because the great good they did when they became men, proves that they had the desire to be useful, and everybody can be so if they really desire it.

P. Not little boys, sister?

E. Yes, Paul, little boys and all.

P. But what can little boys do that is really useful?

E. They can watch for every opportunity of helping others, and whenever they see a chance, offer their services.

P. I don't see what use such a little boy as I can be.

E. I know a little boy whose sister was making an apron; she wanted a few buttons, and had not time to go to the store for them. This little boy heard her say how sorry she was not to finish her apron, and he said, "I will go for the buttons!"

P. But that was me, to-day. That was only a little thing, sister.

E. There was a tired mother, and a fretful baby in a house yesterday, when a little boy came into the nursery and said, "Mother, wouldn't it rest you if I drew baby round the garden in his little carriage, till he goes to sleep?

P. But that was me, too!"

E. There was a poor Irish servant girl in a kitchen last week, whose fire went out just at dinner time, and who was afraid her dinner would be spoiled. There was a little boy near, who said, "I'll run for paper, and split some wood, Sallie, for your fire."

P. Oh, Esther, that was me too!

E. Bless me, you don't say so. I wonder what's become of a little boy that was round here just now, thinking nobody could be useful but a full-grown man?

P. But are such little things as those, really doing good, Esther?

E. Yes, Paul. It is just these little things that are laid in our daily path to test our characters. A selfish, careless boy will pass them by unheeded, and when a man, will neglect great actions, just as he did these little opportunities for doing a kindness. But the

boy who will keep his eyes open, and run after every little chance to help another, will be very apt to become one of the great, good men about whom you were reading.

P. I will remember that, sister. Whenever I want to be a man all in a hurry, I will look round to see if I can be a *useful* boy, so that when I am a man I will have learned how to help others.

E. You will never have far to look, Paul, for the opportunities to be useful in little things are strewn very thickly in the paths of all who search for them.

P, (*after thinking a moment.*) I heard mother say this morning she wished Tom would come to weed the flower beds. When Tom was here last he taught me to weed. Now if I go weed until dinner-time, mother need not send for Tom. That is a little thing I can do, is it not, Esther?

E. Yes, Paul, and will please mother very much.

P. I will go this very minute!

WHY HAVE YOU LEFT THE SABBATH SCHOOL.

[A dialogue for three boys.]

Henry. Good-evening, William; glad to find you at home this evening. John and myself want to have a talk with you.

William. Glad to see you, boys. I was just thinking what a long evening I was to have of it. I am too tired to go out myself.

John. Tired, Will? Why, what makes you tired? *I'm* not a bit tired, and I have been to Sunday-School and twice to church to-day.

H. Yes, William, and that's what John and I are going to talk to you about. What's the reason you haven't been to Sabbath-School these two or three Sundays past?

W. Oh, Sunday-School is played out.

J. Why, William, what makes you talk so? What do you mean?

W. Mean? Why, just this: I've been to Sunday-School all I want to. I don't like the idea of being marched off Sunday morning at just such a time, merely because children have always been sent, and of course they always must be, — I don't believe one in ten

of our parents could tell why or wherefore. The fact is, if the Sunday-School is such a good place, why don't our parents show more interest in it?

J. Stop, William; I think you are a little too fast, and rather unjust. I'm sure many of our parents come to see us occasionally.

W. Oh, yes, drop in occasionally, and give a look around to see that the machinery works well; and if a wheel is stopped for want of some one to set it in motion, pass along and think it's all right, — 'tis none of their affairs; by-and-by the superintendent will find some obliging hand perfectly willing to give it a turn, and so they pass out for another quarter.

H. Well, John, I think William has spoken some truth in what he has said; but I see no reason why he should stay away from the Sabbath-School. We had better make him promise that he will return next Sabbath, and try to make things better.

W. I'll promise to do that when you promise to make our parents believe the Sunday-School to be a place worthy of their notice. When I get to be a large boy I don't want to feel that I'm in a small place designed for children merely.

J. Do you think the Sunday-School a very small place, William?

W. Why, not exactly; I always liked to go well enough; but I find when boys get to be about so old, they leave the school. I see them out here Sunday mornings, standing about this corner, and they laugh at me. Now I don't believe, if our fathers and mothers were in the school, that we should ever want to leave it; for I think, if I can go where my father does, that I am almost a man.

H. You speak truly, William, but I see no reason why you should get discouraged. Why, our pastor might just as well give up preaching, because the people don't come to church afternoons, and when it rains a bit. No, William, we must work all the harder, so that our parents may have a better knowledge of the school.

W. How will they get it, if they never visit the school?

H. Tell them about it; tease them till they do come. Once here, and our work is accomplished, for they cannot help loving our school when they become acquainted with it We should not then have parents indifferent where their children went to Sabbath-School. They would feel that right *here*, and nowhere else, should their children be on the Sabbath.

J. Yes, William, we must make them love it as they do their home, and then their children will grow up in it, and from that to the church, and take their places as teachers. You will not then have to complain about a wheel's being stopped, and our pastor will not be perplexed with the thought, as the fathers fall from their places, that no young men are growing up into them.

W. And our large girls will not have to go into other societies to find beaux, will they ?

H. No, William, not when *we* get grown up, unless they have to go into other societies to find us.

W. I'll see to it that they shall not seek *me* elsewhere. Depend upon my being at Sabbath-School next Sabbath. Good-night, boys.

Henry and John. Good-night, William.

S. S. SPEAKER.

THE NEW MINISTER: OR WHAT OUR FOLKS SAY.

C. Well, Alfred, how do your folks like the new minister? I see he was around to your house yesterday.

A. Yes, he made out to call, finally. Been three months about it, though. Had lots of apologies.

C. So he had at our house. But I s'pose he really can't get time to do everything and go everywhere.

A. I'd like to know why? What's his time for? If he wouldn't spend so much of it for his own amusement, he could do more of his proper work, my folks say. Every two or three weeks he goes off down to the Lake and loafs all day.

C. Deacon Jessup tried to excuse that to our folks the other day, by telling them Mr. Blank was not very strong, and needed a little rest often, but mother told him pretty quick that *she* wasn't very strong either, and *she* staid to home and minded her business. The Deacon didn't say much after that.

A. I heard him telling father last week that if some folks thought Mr. Blank didn't make as many calls as he ought to, they should

remember what kind of sermons he preaches Sundays.

C. What did your father say?

A. He said he thought the kind he preached sometimes wouldn't do much good — they were too fault-finding. "What do they find fault with?" the Deacon asked, and father told him with the people. Anybody 'd think we were the worst set that ever lived, says he.

C. I heard our folks talking the same way. They said he'd no business to pick out any one church member and preach against him as he did against your father only a little while ago when he said what he did about one man's being his brother's keeper.

A. Did they think he meant father then?

C. Of course they did. Everybody did.

A. Father thought so too. I heard him telling mother afterward that he didn't know as he *was* doing right to let his tavern to a liquor seller, but he thought the minister very impudent to say what he did about it in church.

H. (*coming up.*) Talking about the new minister? So were our folks when I came away. He's too independent to suit here. He's too particular who he associates with, too. Goes up to Deacon Jessup's every week,

'n' haint stepped foot in our house but twice. Mother says his wife is a regular 'ristocrat in her notions, and feels above all the church pretty much. She had on a new bonnet Sunday that cost as much as ten dollars, every cent of it. Our folks can't afford to help support such extravagance.

C. Mr. Wilder's widow up at the Centre didn't like it at all because he wouldn't preach Mr. Wilder's funeral sermon. They came for him, but he had some excuse. Our folks say a minister ought to be ashamed of himself who'll refuse to preach at a funeral.

H. I know what his excuse was. He went to Squire Burt's wedding the same morning. He said he couldn't drive ten miles after the wedding and get to Mr. Wilder's in time, so they got Elder Old. But they won't forget it of him. He needn't have gone to the wedding. Folks ain't obliged to marry, but they've *got* to be buried. Mother says he ought to 've thought of that.

C. He don't think of much but his own comfort, our folks say. The Philippian Society wanted him to deliver an address before them Saturday evening, but that morning he declared it was impossible. His sermon was only just begun, he said, and he must work

half the night on it. He said if he'd known they wanted such a thing three days before, he would have arranged it. Our folks say he's no business to go off visiting around and leave his sermon till the last minute. The Philippians had counted on Judge Jones to deliver the address, and thought the minister 'd do to fall back on; so they didn't have any.

H. I tell you what 'tis, boys, when you stop to think about it, 'taint so easy a thing to be a minister, after all. I don't care what our folks say; I believe ministers earn their money. They're called all over town, for all sorts o' things, an' if they don't answer them somebody's mad. It never struck me before, but I guess if our minister was in three or half-a-dozen pieces, our folks would use every piece at the same time. There'd be a funeral for one, you know; a wedding for another; some aniversary for another; and the people would be dreadfully dissatisfied on Sunday if the littlest piece had staid at home to write the sermon. They want good preaching, you see.

C. And I s'pose you think the littlest piece wouldn't do very good preaching, eh? Well, I won't be a minister, anyhow. I know too well what "our folks" say all round the bush.

They're too particular about the new minister, by half. Some of 'em would find *some* fault with him if he were Gabriel.

PROF. A. A. HOPKINS.

EVERY-DAY RELIGION.

[*Enter* CHARLES *and* HENRY.]

Charles. Come, Henry, aren't you going to Sunday school?

Henry. No; my father said I needn't go any more, and you won't see me there again.

C. Why not, Henry?

H. Because I don't want to go.

C. You used to like it.

H. I like to hear the teacher read stories very well, when they are not too pious; but I don't think much of the rest of his talk. What is the good of going?

C. What's the good of it? Don't you want to understand your duty?

H. Of course I do.

C. And when you understand it, you want to do it, — don't you?

H. To be sure I do.

C. Well, then, the Sunday school will help you to understand and to do your duty.

H. Pooh! Do you think I don't know my duty now?

C. That is for you to answer, and not for me! But do you feel as though you always did your whole duty?

H. Yes, I think I do.

C. I am very glad that you understand and do your duty so well; but for my part, I don't know how I should get through the week if I did not go to Sunday school.

H. What do you mean by that?

C. It gives me strength to resist temptation. My teacher tells me of my duty to God and man, and he urges me so kindly and so earnestly to *do* my duty, that the lesson goes with me through the week as a kind of inspiration to keep me in the right path.

H. He tells you not to tell lies, cheat, steal, or anything of that sort; but I know all these things without any telling.

C. So do I; but the teacher tells me something more than merely not to do them. You wouldn't steal, Henry?

H. Of course I wouldn't.

C. *Why* wouldn't you steal?

H. Because I wouldn't.

C. But why not?

H. Why wouldn't I steal? Well, that's a queer question. Why wouldn't I *steal?*

C. Why wouldn't you? Please to answer me, Henry.

H. Why, I should be sent to jail if I did steal.

C. Then if it were not for being sent to jail you would steal?

H. No, I don't know that I would.

C. You *don't know* that you would?

H. You are pretty sharp with your catechism. Let me try a little. Would you steal if there were no punishment for it?

C. I would not.

H. Why not?

C. Because it is wrong to steal; because God through Jesus Christ, commanded me to love my neighbor as myself; and I cannot love him and steal from him. A boy that would not steal, or do any other wrong act, because he fears the punishment, isn't much better than a heathen.

H. Oh, don't preach, Charles!

C. I don't preach; I was only answering your question. I am afraid, if I had no better motive than the fear of punishment to keep me from sin and wrong, I should be a worse boy than I am.

H. Don't you believe more folks would steal than do now if there was no punishment for it?

C. I am sure of it. And if more people carried their religion into their every-day life, less people would steal than do now. And what is true of stealing is true of all kinds of sin and wrong.

H. I never understood religion to mean such things as that. I always thought it meant reading the Bible, saying prayers, and singing hymns.

C. It means all these things, for religion is the love of God and the love of man. If we love God, we must delight to read his Book, and to commune with him in prayer and song. In loving him we love our fellow-beings, for they are his children: and, if we love them, we must deal justly and kindly with them.

H. Somehow what you have said looks right to me, and I think I will go to Sunday school with you. I never thought religion had anything to do with every-day life.

C. Everything; but it is time to go, and we will talk more another time.

WILLIAM T. ADAMS.

HORSE-SHEDS.

A Dialogue for three boys.

William. Johnny, you can't think what a funny thing Tom and I heard last Sunday — two horses talking just as regular as a tea-party, and quoting Scripture just like a couple of deacons.

John. Two horses talking?

Thomas. Yes, Johnny, Deacon Johnson's old roan and one of Mr. Mumford's elegant span were discussing the horse-shed question, about which every one seems to be excited every now and then.

J. Well, Tom, what did they say? I'd like to know what the *horses* think on that question.

W. They didn't agree, Johnny, any better than the men. You know how cold and windy and sleety it was last Sunday. Well, just after Deacon Johnson had tucked the blanket in under his harness, and stepped into church, his horse said just as plainly as a horse can say ——

T. He said ——

W. Well, Tom, if you know it any better than I, just tell it.

T. Excuse me, Bill. I didn't mean to take the words out of your mouth. Go ahead.

W. No, *you* go ahead. You speak for Deacon Johnson's horse, and I'll speak for Squire Mumford's horse.

T. Well, then, the Deacon's horse said: "If this isn't enough to try the patience of a saint. Here I've fried and fought flies all summer, and now I must freeze all winter. This wind is comfortable, now isn't it? And these icicles that are forming on my mane and fetlocks are highly ornamental. No horse-sheds yet. Oh, no! of course not."

W. "Nay," said Squire Mumford's chestnut, who had just been driven up at a spanking pace, "if you are talking horse-sheds, I give you to understand that there are none, and are to be none."

T. "And why not, neighbor Chestnut?" said the roan.

W. "Well, because they draw the flies, and because they smell so very disagreeable, and because the noise of the horses pounding on the boards would disturb the congregation."

J. He *did* talk like a deacon though, didn't he?

T. No mistake — I've heard deacons talk just that way; but my horse was enough for him. "It's all very well for you, my fine fellow," said the roan, "to talk about flies and

that sort of thing. Here you'll be driven home and put up in a nice warm barn till about the time for the benediction. That's the way with you all winter. And in summer you take the children to ride till service is over. Just step out here and freeze or fight flies a spell, and you'll get new views on the horse-sheds question."

J. I guess some of the *men* would get new views, too, if you hitched them up to a post on the north side of our church for a couple of hours, on such a day as last Sunday. But you said they quoted Scripture.

W. O! We haven't told you all they said. The chestnut *did* quote something about the beauty of the sanctuary, which, he rather thought, wasn't horse-sheds.

T. And I can give you the exact words of the old roan. "A merciful man is merciful to his beast," was his final rejoinder.

J. That isn't Scripture, Tom.

T. Ain't it?

J. Why no, though there's something in Proverbs very much like it: "A righteous man regardeth the life of his beast."

T. Well, the Bible is on the old roan's side, anyhow.

J. Yes, I admit that. I only wish the men were.

THE LOST PORTE-MONNAIE.

Richard. See this beautiful porte-monnaie, which I found in the road on the way home. It's just what I've been wanting.

John. But it isn't yours, Dick. Somebody must have lost it. Is there nothing about by which you can tell the owner?

R. No, it was all done up in a paper — brand new, you see — nothing in it.

J. Somebody must have lost it, Dick, and it isn't yours, if you have found it, till you have tried in vain to find the owner.

R. Oh, bother, John, how conscientious you are.

J. Well, Dick, how would you feel, if you had lost it? What would you wish the one who found it to do?

Ellen. Perhaps Mr. Thompson lost it. I saw him go down the road not long since.

R. I don't believe it's his.

J. Well, I'd ask him, and see.

R. Why can't you let the porte-monnaie alone. It's no concern of yours.

J. But I can't help feeling sorry for the person who lost it. It's such a beauty; and perhaps it was a keepsake; or it may have

been bought by some girl or boy with money that they'd been saving for months.

R. What's the use of supposing all that. It's mine now, and I mean to keep it. What's lost is lost; and finding is keeping, the world over. If folks are careless enough to drop their things in the road, they mustn't expect to see them again.

E. That isn't quite according to the Golden Rule, is it?

R. Never mind about the Golden Rule. What's that to do with my finding a porte-monnaie?

E. We'll see, (*pulling out a Testament, and reading.*) "As ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."

R. Well, there's nothing there about porte-monnaies.

J. Isn't there? Supposing you had lost this beautiful porte-monnaie, and Jim Gates had found it, would you want him to hunt you up? Wouldn't you say he was a nice, honorable fellow, if he did, and a mean sneak if he didn't? and all because he had done as he would be done by.

E. There goes Mr. Thompson now, looking on the ground as if he had lost something. I mean to call him in. (*Rapping and beckoning.*)

Mr. Thompson. Well, little ones, what can I do for you?

E. (*embarrassed.*) Nothing, sir, — but — my brother Dick —

R. The fact is, Mr. Thompson, I found this beautiful porte-monnaie, and was tempted to keep it; but Ellen thought you might have lost it, and John insisted that I ought to see if it was yours.

Mr. T. Well, it is mine, no mistake. I bought it as a birth-day present for my poor, lame nephew, and felt bad enough, when I got home and couldn't find it. Much obliged to you, Dick; and, I say, if you'll meet me at Jones's store to-morrow morning, you shall take your pick out of his two-bladed knives, as a reward for your honesty.

R. For my honesty, Mr. Thompson? I *wasn't* honest. I wanted to keep the porte-monnaie, and should, if it hadn't been for John and Ellen. They ought to have the reward, if anybody.

John and Ellen. We don't need any reward; it's reward enough to see Dick doing right.

R. And I say it's reward enough to do right. I really feel better than if I had a dozen porte-monnaies. There was something

here, (*pointing to his head*) that said, all the while, "Don't keep it."

Mr. T. Well, one of you *must* have the knife, for I've made up my mind to give it.

R. John, let's give it to Ellen.

J. All right. She deserves it, if ever a girl did.

E. Well, I suppose I shall have to take it; but I'm sure no girl ever deserves anything for doing right.

LITTLE THINGS.

(*Enter Charley and Willy. Charley stoops to pick up a pin.*)

Willy. Why what a monkey you are, to stop for such a little thing as that.

Charley. I don't think it's a little thing.

W. Don't think that pin is a little thing?

C. Well — yes — it is a little thing; but suppose I stick it into you. (*With a threatening gesture.*)

W. (*jumping.*) Look out, there.

C. O! it isn't such a little thing, after all, is it?

W. Well, when it's bent up, and put into your seat at school, it's big enough, I admit;

but it isn't of any account — that's what I meant. You might buy a paper of them for ten cents.

C. But supposing you haven't any ten cents — supposing you had put all your money into the contribution box last Sunday?

W. Why, then go to your mother's pin cushion and help yourself.

C. Isn't that stealing, Willy?

W. Why, no — is it?

C. It looks a little like it. Suppose it was a penny, instead of a pin, you didn't think it worth while to pick up, and then went to mother's purse and helped yourself?

W. Why, *that* would be stealing, of course.

C. And I fancy the neglect of these little chances to *save* often leads to little chances to *steal*.

W. I'm sure, Charley, I never heard any one take such a serious view of a poor old pin before. It's too little a thing to make such a fuss about.

C. The pin *is* a little thing; but the not stopping to pick it up is one step towards forming a habit of wastefulness; and that's no little thing, as you may find to your sorrow some day. Some one has said that "there are no little things with God," and I don't believe

there are any little things with men. Even the slightest event may have most momentous consequences. A single glass of wine is a very little thing, but it may make a drunkard. A single flake of snow is a very little thing, but flakes of snow make up the avalanche which —

W. Hold on, Charley. It aint Fourth of July. Just stop where you are, and I'll pick up all the pins I see for a year to come.

C. All right. You'll be the better for it.

THE ANNUAL REPORT.

Superintendent. We have thought it well, instead of having one person read a written report to-day concerning the condition of the school, to have several persons report orally. I present you, therefore, with these young reporters, in favor of whom I temporarily abdicate my office.

(*Enter six little girls.*)

Minnie. Well, Carrie, it has been a good year for our Sabbath-school, hasn't it? Twelve months ago, we had only 40 officers and teachers and 250 scholars. To-day we have 50 officers and teachers, and 350 scholars — a gain of more than a hundred.

Carrie. Yes; and then how regular the attendance has been. Our average for the year has been 300 — at least 75 more than ever before.

Kate. And haven't we *given*, though, this year? Four hundred and fifty dollars against two hundred and twenty-five last year — an average of one dollar and a half for each member of the school. Why, we're really getting out of the region of penny contributions.

C. Yes — thanks to our new system under which the Superintendent keeps an account with every class, and each teacher with every scholar, we really are beginning to give.

M. And then the prize banner has something to do with it.

K. O, of course; but not half so much as some folks think. I don't believe we could ever get back to our old-fashioned contributions of a dollar and a half a Sunday, now that we've once got a taste of giving, if we tried.

C. I'm sure I hope not. I mean to give just the same — banner or no banner.

Julia. You mustn't forget our new library, girls. Those books were just what we needed to make the school perfect.

Jennie. O! to be sure, 250 volumes this

year will do; but the librarian tells us in confidence (*with her hand to her mouth*) that we really need as many more, and he doesn't see where the money is coming from. Perhaps these kind friends do.

Lucy. But it hasn't been all sunshine, girls. We have lost one of our best teachers — good Mr. Jones; and then there was little Alice Clair, who fell asleep in Jesus' arms — let me see — why, there have been five deaths in our school this year.

Julia. But there have been more births, Pet, than deaths. At least, twenty-five think they have found the Saviour, and, of this number, fifteen have united with the church. God has been real good to us.

Superintendent. That he has, little ones. And now shan't we be good to him for the year to come? All those who mean to deal kindly and truly with Jesus for the year to come, will please rise. What! not one? Ah! there they come. Well, darlings, if you only keep that promise, we shall have a great deal better report to make next year, than this.

THE PRIZE BANNER.

Supt. A. I don't think much of these prize-banners in your Sunday-school, brother B.

Supt. B. Why not, neighbor A. They've brought our average attendance up from 250 to 350; and our contributions from $4.00 to $10.00 a Sunday. They have some incidental advantages, at any rate.

Supt. A. I've no doubt of it; but I don't think they're Scriptural, and then they tend to foster pride and ill-will.

Supt. B. Well, I'll call up three or four of my little ones, and see what they can say in favor of the banner system.

(*Enter Willie, Maggie, Ophie, and Lillie.*)

Supt. B. Well, Willie, you belong to the "banner-class in coming." What have you to say for yourself?

Willie. Only this: that I come every Sunday, rain or shine; always have, and always mean to — banner or no banner.

Supt. A. The banner, then, makes no difference?

W. Why no, sir. We didn't take the banner. The banner took us.

Supt. B. Maggie, you belong to the "banner-class in giving." Tell us all about it.

Maggie. Well, there's nothing to tell, only this: We've been bringing in all the pennies we could lay hold of, ever since we entered the school, and, last quarter, folks found it out.

Supt. A. And you'd give just as much without any hopes of a banner?

M. I guess we would, while Mrs. S. is our teacher. She's *all* give.

Supt. B. Well, Ophie, what justification can you offer for the "banner-class in behaving?

Ophie. Only this: that we didn't know there *was* any banner for behaving, till it was hung up over our class. Of course we'd been behaving well for the quarter preceding. We always do. And we shan't behave any the worse for the quarter to come, because there's a banner to be awarded to the BEST CLASS IN THE SCHOOL. Those that want irregular attendance, meagre contributions, and disorderly classes, mustn't offer banners for their opposites.

Supt. A. Really, Miss Ophie, you are a second Anna Dickinson. I've no questions to ask *you.* But I do wish some one would tell

me whether there is any Scriptural precept or precedent for this prize system.

Supt. B. Lillie, will you undertake to satisfy my good brother?

Lillie. Yes, sir; here's a Testament, Mr. A. Since we've adopted the prize system, we've had money enough to buy all the Testaments we needed.

Supt. A. What shall I do with it, Lillie?

L. Take it home. If your school has not adopted the prize system, I've no doubt you need it. But, just now, turn to 2 Cor. 8: 1-4, and read.

Supt. A. reads.

L. Read again from the same epistle, chapter nine, verses one and two.

Supt. A. reads.

L. Doesn't that look, Mr. A., as if Paul was a little indifferent to the possibility of exciting pride and ill-will, if he could only get out of the churches a good round contribution?

Supt. A. Well, yes, Lillie, I must say it does.

L. Isn't Paul's system the prize system in essence?

Supt. A. It looks a little *like* it, Lillie.

Supt. B. So you won't go away and throw stones at our Sunday-school, brother A?

Supt. A. Not a bit of it. I shall go away with a very strong suspicion that the wisest, best and most Scriptural thing we can do, is to imitate your example.

Supt. B. All right.

School. All right.

Supt. A. Yes, I see you *are*: all right.

TOO MUCH GIVING.

(*For two young men, a boy, and three girls.*)

Mr. Penurious. Give! Give! Give! I declare it's always give. A dollar for this thing to-day, and five dollars to that thing to-morrow. Why, a man would want to be made of money, to belong to this church.

Charley. But you receive, as well as give, don't you, Mr. P.?

Mr. P. Not a bit of it. Nobody ever gave *me* anything, that I can remember. I've earned all that I own myself, and I mean to keep it. You needn't hope to get anything out of me for your Sunday-school library. I don't believe in Sunday-school libraries. They don't have the right kind of books; and, besides, they cost money.

Mary. Nobody ever gave you anything, Mr. P.? How did you come by life and health and the ability to acquire a fortune? Did you earn *those* yourself?

Ellen. Yes, Mr. P. You and the Bible don't agree very well. That says: "Freely ye have received, freely give."

Jenny. And aren't we all giving to you every day of our lives? Here *we're* giving you a first rate opportunity to *give!*

Mr. P. Ye-es — thank you for nothing. I wish you'd give me a greenback now and then, or something that cost something, and is worth something.

Mary. And salvation cost nothing, and is worth nothing, I suppose. Oh! Mr. P., think what it cost the Father to save a ruined world — think what salvation means!

C. I'll tell you what it means, Mr. P.; it means GIVE. As Christ gave himself for us, so we must give ourselves for others, or we are none of his. Well, we can't spend much time on you. Good morning. (*Exit Charley, Ellen, Mary and Jenny.*)

Mr. P. Salvation means giving! Who ever heard such a thing? The young folks had no such notions when I was a boy. (*Exit.*)

Enter, from different sides of the platform, Uncle Bountiful Charley, Ellen and Mary.

C., E. and M. Good morning, Uncle Bountiful.

Uncle B. Good morning, children. Round collecting for the new library, I'll venture to say. Well, I'm ready for you. Will this do for me? (*Pulling out a ten-dollar bill.*)

M. O, Uncle Bountiful! we didn't think of your giving more than five dollars.

Uncle B. Didn't you? Well now, there's a good one. I do like to take folks by sur prise.

E. Uncle Bountiful, did you ever think that there was "too much giving?

Uncle B. "Too much giving!" God bless you, child, I don't know what you mean. Does God give us too much fresh air and sunshine? Does he give more of his tender, all-embracing love than we need? Is that what you mean?

M. O! no, Uncle Bountiful. Ellen means to ask if there isn't too much giving among Christians. I suspect I know what put it into her head.

Uncle B. So do I, darling. It was the devil. Resist him, Nellie, and he'll flee from you.

C. He *did*, uncle.

M. For shame, Charley. I really think Mr. Penurious is a good man.

Uncle B. O, ho! so you've been afoul of Mr. Penurious. Well, pet, *I* think he's a good man, too. He's mighty sound in the doctrines, and there's nobody speaks and prays better than he. But he won't *give*. That's *his* weakness. *My* weakness is that I can't speak ten words together; but I'm willing to give ten dollars together — so we're square.

E. And you seem to think it a pleasure to give, uncle.

Uncle B. Of course I do. Isn't that Scriptural? Better to give than to receive, you know. I've always found it so. But good-bye, children. I must be going. (*Exit.*)

C. Now there goes what I call a man. God bless him, girls; don't you say so?

Uncle B. (*popping his head in.*) If you are a little short on that subscription, don't mind calling on me again.

J. H. G

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF CHRISTMAS.

Charles. Well, boys, to-morrow is Christmas Day. Isn't that bully?

Edwin. "Bully?" Charles, that seems to me the very last epithet to apply to Christmas Day; and, indeed, an adjective that you'd better dismiss from your vocabulary altogether.

James. I wonder what Charles's conception of Christmas Day is.

C. Well, you needn't wonder long. It's a day when school don't keep, and we have a bang up good dinner — a day when skates are given to those fellows that haven't got them, and the chances are more than even that they'll have an opportunity to try them before night.

E. More slang, Charley.

J. And such a conception of Christmas! Did you ever go to church on Christmas Day, Charles?

C. Go to *church?* Not for Joseph. Not any in mine, if you please.

E. I do wish you wouldn't use such low expressions, Charley.

J. And I do wish you'd go to church with me to-morrow.

C. Me go to church? Why, it's as much as I can do to get there Sundays. But why should you want me to go to church Christmas day?

E. Because Christmas Day commemorates the birth of our Saviour. It isn't certain that He was born on that day; but the church has for centuries observed that day as the anniversary of His birth.

J. Yes, and the holiday and the gift-making of which you think so much, and the good dinner, were intended simply as expressions of joy for the birth of a Saviour.

C. Is that so? I never saw it in that light before — that isn't slang, is it?

E. Hardly; and if you don't give us slang every time you open your lips, you shall have due credit for it.

C. But really, boys, I'm in earnest now. I never thought much about Christmas, any way. It seemed to me to be thrown into the calendar as a sort of make-weight for the Fourth of July. Just about six months apart, you know. Two holidays to kind of ballast the year.

J. But Christmas has a serious aspect, Charley. It commemorates the fact that the Son of God took upon him our human nature,

in order that he might die for man. It ought to be observed not with feasting and junketting, but in a reasonable, Christian way.

C. I see it now, and I verily believe I'll go to church to-morrow. It looks now as if it was going to snow — so there'll be no skating. Yes, boys, I'll go, skating or no skating — you needn't look so glum over it. There's my hand on it. (*Shaking hands with both of them.*)

THE FORCE OF EXAMPLE.

John. I wouldn't do it, Ned, if I were you.

Mary. No, nor I, either, Edward.

Edward. Why not? What harm is there in it, I'd like to know?

J. Not much in the thing itself — perhaps not any; but then think of the force of example. To go to the theatre might do *you* no injury — the mere going to the theatre, if you kept aloof from the surroundings of the theatre, probably wouldn't — but if *you* go, others will plead your example, and go too.

M. And though Christian principles may enable *you* to resist the temptations which surround the theatre, *they* may fall into Satan's traps.

Jane. And why is it, I wonder, that these temptations cluster so thickly about the theatre? Like attracts like, they used to tell me.

E. So it is because of the influence of my example that you don't want me to go to the theatre.

J. Mainly that — though we have no little anxiety on your own account. Going once, it will naturally be easier for you to go again. Of course in going, you must become habituated to contact with the drunkard and the prostitute; what the result may be, we cannot tell.

E. You need have no fears on my account. I despise everything of that sort.

M. We know you do, and we want you to keep on despising it.

E. But about this force of example. My theory is, that every tub should stand on its own bottom. If Tom Jones goes to the theatre because I do, and consequently goes to perdition, Tom Jones is to blame for it, not I. He ought to have resisted temptation.

Jane. I don't know about that, brother — or, rather, I *do* know about it. I know that you are accountable to God and man for all the results that flow from your example.

E. Why sister, that's rather harsh doctrine.

M. Harsh, but true, Cousin Edward. Search God's word, and see if it isn't so; or apply common sense to the question.

E. Well, I'll think of what you say; but I do so want to see Joe Jefferson in Rip Van Winkle.

J. So do we; but we can forego the pleasure for Jesus' sake.

Jane. Yes, because we realize that when we sneer at the force of example, we are following the example of Cain, when he asked: "Am I my brother's keeper?"

NO GENTLEMAN UNLESS A CHRISTIAN.

William. Hullo! here comes Mr. Turveydrop.

James. That's so. Let's have some fun with him.

Enter Clarence, dressed in the height of the fashion, with cane, kid gloves, etc. etc.

Clarence. Young gentlemen, can you inform me where Miss Araminta Glover resides?

W. Of course I can.

J. Me, too.

C. (*after quite a pause.*) Well, why don't you then?

J. O! that's what you're waiting for. Well, we said we could, we didn't say we would.

W. Let's tell him, Jim.

J. All right; go ahead. I'll help you.

W. Do you see that elm tree?

C. Yes, sir.

W. Well, when you come to that tree (*Pauses.*)

C. (*Impatiently*) Well, what then?

W. Why, keep right on, as if you hadn't seen it. It won't bite you.

J. And by'me bye, turn to your right —

W. And then to your left —

J. Till you meet a small boy —

W. Thumbing his nose —

J. This way.

C. (*Raising his cane to strike James.*) Caitiffs!

(Enter Mr. Richardson.)

Mr. R. Why, boys, what's up?

C. (*Lowering his cane.*) Sir, these fellows have insulted me, simply because I dress and demean myself like a gentleman.

W. No, 'tis because you're a stuck-up upstart.

J. Yes, that's what's the matter.

Mr. R. Hold on, boys. I fancy, James

and William, that you're likely enough to have been rude to Clarence.

J. But he's such a prig, sir. Not a bit of down-right manliness in him. Couldn't take the easiest fly that ever was batted.

W. All fuss and feathers; and so proud of his fine clothes. Why, keep him out of a tailor's shop for a year, and there's nothing left of him.

Mr. R. You hear what these boys say, Clarence. It doesn't excuse their rude conduct; but I confess there's some truth in it.

C. I only try to be a gentleman, sir. That's why all the boys are down on me.

Mr. R. And what is it to be a gentleman, Clarence?

C. Well, to wear fashionable clothes, and be courteous to the ladies, and — and —

Mr. R. Drink a glass of wine, and smoke a cigar now and then.

C. Well, yes, sir. Most gentlemen do that.

Mr. Now your idea of being a gentleman doesn't coincide with mine, at all, Clarence. My theory is, that no one can be a gentleman who isn't also a Christian.

C. Well, that's a new idea. I thought most gentlemen were ——

Mr. R. Speak it right out, Clarence.

C. Well, I thought they were rather rough on religion.

Mr. R. Your gentlemen are, no doubt; but my gentleman is true and faithful to God, and therefore courteous to all God's children. He may not wear fine clothes, or sport kid gloves; but he will be prompt to do any man a kindness, and be patient and gentle under undeserved reproach. No flogging and threshing, when a boy is rude to *him*. He loves God, and so he loves God's creatures. Any other kind of gentlemanliness than this, is mere veneering. This is the solid wood.

C. Why, Mr. Richardson, I never heard anybody talk so before.

Mr. R. I'm sorry for it, for 'tis God's truth, and a truth that you need to think about. You *will* think about it, won't you?

C. Yes, sir.

Mr. R. And you'll shake hands with these little reprobates who were thumbing their noses at you just now. I saw bare-legged Bill there running himself almost dead, to catch widow Jones' cow, and I thought then that he had the making of a gentleman in him.

C. Well, I'll shake hands with him; but as for Jim —

J. I won't thumb my nose at you any more, Clarence.

C. Well, I'll shake hands with you, too, Jim; and let's all try to be true gentlemen after Mr. Richardson's pattern.

W. and J. Agreed.

SHALL WE HAVE A LIBRARY?

Mr. A. The question is: Shall we have a library?

All the boys. We want a library.

All the girls. We want a library.

Mr. A. There are two very strong arguments. The wants of the little ones mustn't be disregarded. Still, it is a question whether what we *want* is what we *need.*

Mr. B. I say no library. It costs one dollar a year for every scholar in the school; and the same money expended in other directions would make the school more prosperous, and suit the scholars equally well.

Mr. C. *I* say no library. It costs more than it comes to. We have to buy very expensive books, and books that are not fit for Sunday reading, in order to make our library attractive.

Mr. D. That's so. I haven't had a scholar in ten years, that would even look at "Edwards on the Affections."

Mr. A. Of course not. Oliver Optic, with his Striving and Thriving, Planking and Planing, has taken the wind quite out of Edwards's sails.

Mr. C. But are Oliver Optic's books quite the thing for a Sunday-School library? The moral, when you get to it, is all right; but, meanwhile, half the boys in your parish have run away to sea.

Mr. B. Rather strong, brother C.; but true in the main. All I claim is, that the same money that a library cost expended in papers and picnics, would yield better returns.

Mr. C. And I still insist on the difficulty of finding suitable books for a library, and, at the same time, books that the scholars will read. If anybody should give me to-day $500.00 to spend for our library, I shouldn't know what to do with it.

Mr. A. I'll tell you what to do with it, brother C. Do away with your Sunday-School Library, and organize a Parish Library, open every Saturday evening from six to eight. Don't try to make that library religious. Make it moral and instructive. Sell

tickets to it for a dollar a year, and *give* tickets as prizes for regularity of attendance and good deportment in the Sunday-School.

Mr. C. That's a good idea, brother A. It wouldn't cost so much as a Sunday-School Library, would it?

Mr. A. Not near. The books would be charged to individuals, and returned by them. There would be fewer losses, and less wear and tear.

Mr. B. And then our half dozen librarians could reinforce the teaching department on Sundays, and we could go home when we got through our lessons, instead of waiting for the distribution of books to be completed.

Mr. A. Of course. There are many advantages in the plan which I advocate. I'm sure I'd rather put standard works in history, biography, and science into the hands of the children, than a good deal of the "religious reading" they get out of our Sunday-School.

Mr. C. So would I; and I'm not sure but standard works of fiction would be less hurtful than many of the religious novels of the period.

Mr. B. It just occurs to me that a good many families buy books of current interest which they are done with after a single read-

ing, and which might go into a library of this sort. There's Mrs. Stowe's "Pink and White Tyranny" now — our folks have all been reading it. It isn't quite the thing for a Sunday-School Library; but in a Parish Library, it wouldn't be out of place. I'll turn that in.

Mr. A. All right; and a good many families might turn in similar books; but, after all, I should want to see in the Parish Library a goodly show of more substantial works — books of reference, such as the teachers and scholars would like to consult; and that sort of thing.

Mr. B. Of course. We must manage to suit all tastes. But suppose we think about this matter a while, and bring it up again?

School. That's a good idea. Be sure you're right, and *then* go ahead.

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